

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

Reminiscences of C. Butler, Esq.,... 129	Original Hymns and Poems..... 139	ORIGINAL: Stanzas by — De — .. 140	Winter: a Sonnet..... 142
Vivian Grey..... 131	Old English Sayings..... 139	British Institution, &c. 140	The Lounger's Portfolio 142
Voyage of the Blonde 134	Log Book; City of Refuge; Frag- } 139	The Bonny Scot..... 140	The Drama 143
The Natchez 136	ments in Verse; Pinnock's Geo- } 139	Sir Walter Scott; The Drama; } 141	VARIETIES: Dr. Kitchiner; Lon- } 143
Philip on Indigestion 138	graphy, &c.; Smith's Monuments }	Waverley Novels }	don University; Statistics, etc. }

No. 407.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1827.

Price 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Vol II., 8vo. pp. 290. London, 1827. Murray.

To the general reader, this second volume of Mr. Butler's *Reminiscences* will not be found so amusing as the former one. Indeed, had it been published by ***** instead of Murray, and borne upon its title-page the name of any other author than that of Mr. Butler, we should at once have pronounced it to be a 'bookseller's' volume. There is but a very small portion of it, which, strictly speaking, is entitled to the name of *Reminiscences*; the rest being a series of miscellaneous essays, exhibiting no absolute individuality with their author's peculiar mode of thinking and writing, and which seem to be inserted rather to eke out the due quantum of pages, than as a living mirror, in which we may survey the reflected character of the accomplished gentleman and kind-hearted man, Charles Butler. There is none of that delightful gossip, pleasant egotisms, and little pictures, which move and breathe of self, and which conjure the reader's imagination into the old gentleman's study, and make him believe that he is actually sitting opposite to him in an easy chair, and whiling away his moments by a *viva voce* conversation. This was the charm which made the former volume so irresistible, but we regret to say, that there is no such halo shed around the present one.

The first chapter is entitled *Autobiographers*; and contains a few notices of the Chancellor d'Aguésseau, the Cardinal de Retz, Gibbon, Huet the bishop of Avranches, Madame de Staël, and Cardan. We make no extracts from this portion, as it does not contain much that is novel or original.

The second chapter is the *Southey Controversy*. This contains a succinct list of the works which have been published for and against the Roman Catholic Church, and a few casual remarks upon some of them, particularly on the spirit which actuated our author in the composition of his own works upon that question.

The third chapter introduces us again to the *reminiscent* himself. This we consider the most entertaining portion of the volume, and from this we shall make our extracts. It contains notices of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. For the two former we refer our readers to the volume itself; of the two latter, we shall string together such passages as we consider most amusing:—

'It gives the *reminiscent* great pleasure to perceive, that Mr. Moore's interesting biography of Mr. Sheridan, has confirmed the account given of the eloquence of that extra-

ordinary man in the preceding volume of *Reminiscences*. His public life may be divided into four stages, successively commencing with, his attracting the notice of the public by the *Duenna*;—his coming into Parliament;—the part which he took during the king's first malady;—and his conduct in the settlement of the regency at the close of the late reign.

'The natural turn of Mr. Sheridan's mind, led him rather to covet eminence, as a monarch's favourite, or as one pre-eminently shining in a brilliant court, than in fulminating a popular assembly, and wielding the democratic. But his supreme ambition was, to be thought the best possible manager of a theatre. When fortune placed Lord Erskine at the English bar, she perhaps fixed him in the only station in which he could elevate himself to fame and fortune: when she placed Mr. Sheridan in the management of a theatre, she fixed him in a situation which delighted him, but for the filling of which, with honour or advantage, he was totally unqualified. The *reminiscent* has often seen him, in moments of better recollection, when, unfortunately, the *juvencissima recordatio vite bene actæ* was wanting to him: his regret in those hours was, not at his failure of success in his political career, but at his not having devoted himself to the muses. He used to say that he was designed for poetry; for the *forté epos*. But never was a man less qualified for any literary exertion, which required grandeur or simplicity.

'Mark, how the dread Panthéon stands!
Amid the domes of modern hands,
Amid the idle toils of state;
How simply, how severely great!"

Akenside.

'No compositions are less formed than those of Mr. Sheridan, to be compared with the character of the Pantheon: but some "domes of modern hands, some idle toils of state," are exquisitely pretty and brilliant. With the best of these, some compositions of Mr. Sheridan may be justly thought to bear an analogy. The *reminiscent* once read to Mr. Sheridan the finest specimen of his poetry, his Epilogue to *Semiramis*. "O! why did I not," he exclaimed, "uniformly addict myself to poetry; for *that* I was designed!" "But then," said the *reminiscent*, "would you have been the admiration of the senate? Would London have emptied itself to hear your philippic on Mr. Hastings? Would you have been the intimate of Mr. Fox? Would you have been received, as doing honour to it, at Devonshire House?"—"What," he replied, "has all this done for me? What am I the better for the admiration of the senate, for Mr. Fox, for Devon-

shire House? I have thrown myself away. But you shall see to-morrow."

"To-morrow and to-morrow,"—*Shakspeare*. his friend naturally replied.

'It was a general subject of wonder, that, as he had shown how well he could write for the stage, he should write so little. "The reason is," said Mr. Kelly, with exquisite felicity, that Mr. Sheridan is afraid of the author of the *School for Scandal*."

'Mr. Sheridan's bon-mots were not numerous; but when he was in good humour, the subject pleased him, and he liked his company, he sometimes displayed a kind of serious and elegant playfulness, not apparently rising to wit, but unobservedly saturated with it, which was unspeakably pleasing. Every thing he then said or did, was what delights Englishmen so much, and what they understand so well—in the style and manner of a perfect gentleman.

'Occasionally, however, he had brilliant sallies. On one occasion, he and the late Mr. Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, supped with the *reminiscent*. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sate in two parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him, "he was quite disgusted at the pitiful lowly manner in which Catholics brought forward their case: why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into our house, and say,—'Here am I, Sheldon of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you: but, because I am a Catholic, you shut your door against me.'" "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, "I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country; and therefore—" "You quitted," said Mr. Sheridan, interrupting him, "the errors of popery, and became a member of a church which you know to be free from error? I am glad of it; you do us great honour." The subject then changed; but it was evident that Mr. Sheldon did not sit quite easy. At length, the third of the morning hours arrived; Mr. Sheldon took his watch from his pocket, and holding it forth to Mr. Sheridan, "See," he said to him, "what the hour is: you know our host is a very early riser." "Damn your *apostate watch*!" exclaimed Mr. Sheridan; "put it into your Protestant fob."

'It has not, I think, been mentioned by any of his biographers; but the fact certainly is, that Mr. Sheridan was very superstitious, a believer in dreams and omens. One sentiment of true religion the *reminiscent* has often heard him express, with evident satisfaction; that in all his writings, and even in

his freest moments, a single irreligious opinion or word had never escaped him.

* Frequently, he instantaneously disarmed those who approached him with the extreme of savageness, and a determined resolution to insult him. He had purchased an estate, at Surrey, of Sir William Geary, and neglected to pay for it. Sir William mentioned this circumstance to the reminiscent; and the English language has not an expression of abuse or opprobrium, which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off, in a passion; but had not walked ten paces, before he met Mr. Sheridan. The reminiscent expected as furious an onset as "if two planets should rush to combat;" but nothing like this took place. In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming, "Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with; I will tease him no more for money."

* Lord Derby one day applied, in the Green Room, to Mr. Sheridan, with much dignity, for the arrears of Lady Derby's salary, and vowed he would not stir from the room till it was paid. "My dear lord," said Mr. Sheridan, "this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world; and you now quarrel with us for a little dust she had left behind her."

* Reflections have been cast on some friends of Mr. Sheridan, for their alleged insensibility to his distresses. But his previous usage of them should be taken into account. None, but those who witnessed it can conceive, the repeated instances of unfeeling and contemptuous disregard, which he showed them, by his total want of punctuality in his engagements, and his heedlessness of the inconveniences and losses, which it occasioned them. One of the most remarkable of these provoking and distressing scenes was exhibited by him, in the last election which took place, in his life-time, for the town of Stafford. The late Mr. Edward Jerminham, whose family had a strong interest with the electors, exerted himself to the utmost, as did the most illustrious person in the kingdom, to rouse Mr. Sheridan to proper activity on an occasion, which evidently was of so much importance to him; and on which his liberty and independence seemed to depend.

* All was vain:—he did not leave London, till it was almost impossible he should reach Stafford, in time to make an effective canvass. When he reached it, he loitered inactive at the inn, the mob, all the while, calling clamorously for him. The consequence was, that he lost his election. But such was the fascination of his manner, and such the attraction of his name, that, before he left the town, the electors seemed to be in despair that they had not voted for him, and a large proportion of them would escort him out of the town. All that has been said of the zeal displayed by an illustrious person, for Mr. Sheridan's success, on this occasion, was confirmed, by the account given of it to the reminiscent, by Mr. Edward Jerminham, an eye-witness of all that passed in it, either in London or Stafford.

* Perhaps Mr. Sheridan's most splendid exhibition was his speech in the Court of Chancery, at the hearing of the cause upon

the bill filed against him by the trustees of Drury Lane Theatre. The court was crowded; Mr. Sheridan spoke, during two hours, with amazing shrewdness of observation, force of argument, and splendour of eloquence: and as he spoke from strong feeling, he introduced little of the wit and prettiness with which his oratorical displays were generally filled. He was heard with great attention and interest: while his speech lasted, a pin might be heard to drop. But it did not prevent Mr. Mansfield from making a most powerful reply. He exposed, in the strongest terms, the irregularity of Mr. Sheridan's conduct as manager of the theatre; and the injuries done by it to the proprietors, creditors, and performers. Upon these, Mr. Mansfield commented in the bitterest terms; and every word he said sunk deep into Mr. Sheridan's heart. The chancellor appeared to pity the calamities of a man so talented and so abusing his talents. He finished his discourse, by conjuring Mr. Sheridan to think seriously of the words with which Dr. Johnson concludes his life of Savage,—that "those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, will be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

* Most anxious was Mr. Sheridan to procure from Mr. Mansfield, something that had an appearance of a retraction of the charges which he had brought against him. To obtain this, he made many direct and many indirect efforts. All he could obtain from Mr. Mansfield was a declaration, at a consultation with the reminiscent, at which Mr. Sheridan was present, that "he spoke from the affidavits in the cause; so that his assertions and arguments depended for their justice, on the truth of the facts mentioned in those." This was little: but it comforted Mr. Sheridan much.

Our next extract relates to Burke:—

* The account which Mr. Gibbon gives of his childhood and early youth, is very pleasing. Of this part of Mr. Burke's life, Mr. Prior, the latest and best biographer of Mr. Burke, relates little that is interesting, except some incidents which indicated great good humour and singleness of heart. Something of his future antipathy to overweening popularity, may be thought discernible in the lampoons which he published during his residence in Trinity College, Dublin, against Doctor Lucas and Henry Brooks, the author of *Gustavus Vasa*, a tragedy of little merit, and of *The Fool of Quality*, a novel of a very singular nature, but which frequently draws tears from its readers. Both these gentlemen aimed at popularity: Mr. Burke's attacks upon them may be thought to confirm the opinion of those who consider that Mr. Burke was by nature aristocratic, and was thrown by accident into what he himself described "the cold clime of opposition."

* Nor do his biographers give us much information of his early studies: an account of them by himself would have been invaluable. They tell us that Demosthenes was his fa-

vourite orator: may it not be suspected that he was much more pleased with "the splendid conflagration of Tully," as it was described by Mr. Grattan? That he preferred Virgil to Homer, is well known. The reminiscent heard him say, while he held in his hand a ragged Delphin Virgil, that "it was a book he always had within his reach."

* Mr. Prior informs us that Mr. Burke was particularly fond of Horace, Lucretius, and Virgil. The reminiscent was once present at a literary conversation in which Ugo Foscolo and Sir Henry Englefield contended against the Bishop of Norwich and him, that Horace's Odes were greatly overrated. Sometime afterwards he met with the master of a free school, acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished Latin scholars in England, who maintained the same opinion. He said that he never was tired, while he taught his scholars, Cicero, Virgil, or the Epistles or Satires of Horace; but that he was soon tired of explaining the Odes of Horace to them. This put the reminiscent on a regular perusal of them: he accomplished it in the years 1820 and 1821. In this perusal they answered the high opinion which he had ever entertained of them; but he is fully sensible that he is not entitled to a voice in classic criticism;—perhaps Horace introduces too often the comic into his sublime and serious strains.

* The letter published by Mr. Prior, in which Mr. Burke describes his first impressions of England and London, is interesting. The passage—"The buildings in London are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice; but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven," is much admired: but, would it not have been better without the "conductors?"

* In another place, speaking of Westminster Abbey, he says:—"I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, "Family burying ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me." This passage is excellent; it accords with the feelings of every bosom. Alluding perhaps to this period of his life, Mr. Burke once mentioned to the reminiscent, that, at one time, for want of a distinct object, to which he might direct his studies, his mind became perfectly inactive, and reading was an unpleasant exertion to him. He accounted for it by supposing that, after the first years of youth are past, the mind requires more substantial food than mere reading; so that, to call forth literary application, it is necessary to superadd the stimulus of an ardent wish to attain a particular object, to the attainment of which literary exertion will conduce, and therefore pleases. He observed, that, for the want of such an object, the generality of those who have distinguished themselves in their youthful studies, fall into an idle desultory reading, which ends in nothing.

* Mr. Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful raised him in the world, and intro-

duced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining, and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive: if the person with whom he conversed, had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful: it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty, and pleasantry: it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But if a person wished for information upon any particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke: "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal: he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued.—"I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed, that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?"—"My opinion," answered Sir Philip, packing up his papers, and preparing to move off, "is, that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

"It may be added, that when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared to speak rather from the reflections which were working in his own mind, upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or to make a direct observation upon it.

"It might be perceived, that those who constantly heard Mr. Burke's conversation, sometimes exhibited, when he spoke, symptoms of wearisomeness. *Toujours perdrix*, partidge every day—tires in the end. Some thought themselves entitled to be heard oftener than Mr. Burke's unceasing flow allowed. Mr. Fox's general habit of rumination made Mr. Burke's conversation a treat to him; but among Mr. Fox's followers, several excelled in conversation; they wished to be heard, and many wished to hear them. This occasioned Mr. Burke's being sometimes listened to with impatience; this impatience was not always concealed; and something like a respectful quiz was sometimes offered. Here Mr. Sheridan too often

offended:—daily experience shows that this is an offence not always pardoned."

"Burke always kept the best society which his circumstances admitted. He gradually rose from the drudges of literature to its ornaments; from these to its patrons. His circumstances were always scanty; yet no act of meanness, and many of kindness and liberality, are recorded of him

"That he narrowed his mind, And to party gave up what was meant for mankind" GOLDSMITH.

may be true, and may be lamented:—but, that literature suffered by it, is very questionable. This seems to the reminiscence to give rise to a remark, to which an answer highly honourable to Mr. Burke may be given. Is there among the speeches of Cicero one, for which men of letters would sacrifice his Offices? Is there among the speeches or political publications of Mr. Burke, upon which his fame may be rested, one, for which they would not sacrifice his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*?

Next to these sketches, we consider the correspondence between Dr. Parr and our author, as the most interesting portion of the volume. However, as these letters relate principally to classical subjects, and are consequently somewhat limited in the entertainment they afford, we shall content ourselves with pointing them out, and referring such of our readers, as are skilled in classic lore, to the volume itself. We may, however, mention, that they afford the most ample and honourable testimony of the high esteem, in which the character of our author was held by the great scholar and Protestant divine, as a man, as a scholar, and a christian.

The last portion of the volume contains a few remarks upon Mr. Humphrey's work on the State of Real Property in England. The modest, gentlemanly, and inoffensive style in which all Mr. Butler's controversies are, and have been, carried on, can never be too much praised or imitated. The present forms an admirable contrast to the silly twaddle, virulent invective, and gross practical ignorance which distinguished Jerry Bentham's article on the same subject in the last number of the Westminster. If any one individual more than another is entitled to speak with derision, heat, or passion, on this question, that individual is Mr. Butler, who, during a long life, has possessed the acknowledged and undisputed character of "being the soundest conveyancer, with the most extensive business of any man in the profession; and yet he is the very one who speaks with the greatest submission and uncertainty. But his reasons and his arguments are not the less powerful, because they are couched in the language of a finished gentleman and tolerant practitioner. It is singular to observe the contrast between the two men thus presented to our eyes; the one who speaks in ignorance is noisy, malicious, abusive; he who is master of his subject speaks modestly, with hesitation, and conciliatingly. Alas! so wags the world! Nor have we now to learn, for the first time, that the deep stream flows on silently and calmly, while the little shallow brook pursues its course in noisy and clamorous confusion.

Vivian Grey. Volumes 3, 4, and 5. Post 8vo. pp. 1019. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

Of the former volumes of this work we have already spoken; we praised them as light and pleasing rather than substantial, and characterized them as a *literary luncheon*; and the attention they have excited in the reading world having enabled the public to digest that repast, we are here presented with another. There is an evident improvement to be discovered in this continuation of *Vivian Grey*; the author has abandoned much of his literary dandyism,—has written elegantly as well as powerfully,—has thrown a more amiable light on his hero, and, in robbing him of much ribald wit, has given him a tenderness of spirit, becoming as a man, and not derogatory to those talents for which he was previously distinguished. Our readers may remember that *Vivian Grey* quits England on account of his success in a duel, in which his most intimate friend, Cleveland, falls, and that Heidelberg, in Germany, is fixed upon as the abode of the exile. In the commencement of the third volume we find him willing to enter society, with a mind chastened by adversity, wiser through experience, and, though partaking of a sombre cast, yet not passionless, nor incapable of great and intense feeling. The introductory chapter contains much of, perhaps, excusable egotism, on the part of the author,—much of sound sense and good reasoning,—and much clever writing, which is attempted to be made more quaint by a kind of allegorical style, that in some measure mars effect, and distracts attention. We are aware that a decided hostility has been shown, by various periodicals, to the author of *Vivian Grey*, and that disgraceful and vituperative language has, on these occasions, been used,—as lovers of justice, we cannot do less than record his answer to these intemperate opponents:—

"I am loth to speak even one moment of the author, instead of the hero; but with respect to those who have with such singular industry associated the character of the author of *Vivian Grey* with that of his hero, I must observe, that as this is an inconvenience which I share in company with more celebrated writers, so also is it one which will never prevent me from describing any character which my mind may conceive.

"To those who, alike unacquainted with my person, my life, my habits, have, with that audacious accuracy for which ignorance is celebrated, not only boldly avowed that the original of my hero may be discovered in myself, but that the character, at the same time, forms also a flattering portrait of a more frail original, I shall say nothing. Most of these chatterers are included in that vast catalogue of frivolous beings who carry on in society an espionage on a small scale, not precisely through malice, but from an invincible ambition of having something to say, when they have nothing to think about. A few of these persons, I am informed, cannot even plead a brainless skull as an excuse for their indecent conduct; but dreading that in time

the lash might be applied to their own guilty littleness, they have sought in the propagation of falsehood on their part, a boasted means for the prevention of further publication on mine. Unlucky rogues! how effectual have been your exertions! Let me not by one irritable expression console these clumsy midwives of calumny for the abortion of their slander; but pass over their offences with that merciful silence, to which even insolent imbecility is ever entitled.

Of the personal and political matter contained in the former books of this work, I can declare, that though written in a hasty, it was not written in a reckless spirit; and that there is nothing contained in those volumes of which I am morally ashamed. As to the various satires in verse, and political and dramatical articles of unsuccessful newspapers, which have been palmed, with such lavish liberality, upon myself, or upon another individual as the supposed author of this work—inasmuch, as I never wrote one single line of them, neither of the articles nor of the satires, it is unnecessary for me to apologise for their contents. They have been made the ostensible, the avowed pretext for a series of attacks, which I now, for once, notice, only to recommend them to the attentive study of those ingenious gentlemen who wish to be libellers with impunity; and who are desirous of vindicating imaginary wrongs, or maintaining a miserable existence by the publication of periodical rhapsodies, whose foul scurrility, over-wrought malice, ludicrous passion, evident mendacity, and frantic feebleness, alike exempt them from the castigation of literary notice, or the severer penalties of outraged law.

Of the literary vices of Vivian Grey, no one is perhaps more sensible than their author. I conceived the character of a youth of great talents, whose mind had been corrupted, (as the minds of many of our youth have been,) by the artificial age in which he lived. The age was not less corrupted than the being it had generated. In his whole career he was to be pitied; but for his whole career he was not to be less punished. When I sketched the feelings of his early boyhood, as the novelist, I had already foreseen the results to which those feelings were to lead; and had in store for the fictitious character the punishment which he endured. I am blamed for the affectation, the flippancy, the arrogance, the wicked wit of this fictitious character. Yet was Vivian Grey to talk like Simon Pure, and act like Sir Charles Grandison?

But to our tale. Vivian Grey proceeds to Frankfort, at the celebration of its fair, and meets, for the first time, Baron Julius Von Konigstein, a very principal personage in the pages of the third volume. A friendship ensues; and, in company, they visit the baths of Ems, at that season crowded with fashionable visitants; among whom, a Lady Madeleine Trevor, and her protégée, Violet Fane, from England, are conspicuous for rank and loveliness. To these ladies Vivian is introduced, and, from their knowledge of his family, an intimacy, succeeds, which ends in Violet becoming enamoured of Grey, and he equally so of her. We must, however,

mention the introduction of a character, through which much of the chief agency of the plot is carried on—one Essper George, who is a second Proteus—a conjuror—a pedlar—a valet—in fact, any thing which the whim or service of a minute might demand. This eccentric individual, at the Frankfort Fair, is saved from the anger of two soldiers by Vivian, and, in gratitude, afterwards renders him a signal aid in the discovery of some black-leg transactions. Pleased with Essper's zeal and honesty, our hero makes him his attendant, and he shares the fortunes of his wayward master. Von Konigstein is a professed and ruined gamester, though supporting his dignity by the assistance of a Chevalier de Bœffleurs, who, in return, holds him an abject slave to his schemes of deceit and fraudulency;—but it is not necessary to analyse further. We give a powerfully-sustained scene, in which the delinquency of the chevalier and of the baron is discovered. Mr. St. George, their dupe, is the brother of Lady Trevor, who had previously expressed to Vivian her fears on his account. The three are guests of Von Konigstein. Cards are introduced, and rouge et noir is proposed:—

Playing commenced: an hour elapsed, and the situation of none of the parties was materially different to what it had been when they began the game. Vivian proposed leaving off; but Mr. St. George vowed that he felt very fortunate, and that he had a presentiment that he should win. Another hour elapsed, and he had lost considerably—Eleven o'clock.—Vivian's luck had also deserted him. Mr. St. George was losing desperately—Midnight—Vivian had lost back half his gains on the season. St. George still more desperate; all his coolness had deserted him. He had persisted obstinately against a run on the red; then floundered, and got entangled on a see-saw, which alone cost him a thousand.

Ernstoff [the baron's chasseur] now brought in refreshments; and for a moment they ceased playing. The baron opened a bottle of champagne; and St. George and the chevalier were stretching their legs and composing their minds in very different ways—the first in walking rapidly up and down the room, and the other by lying very quietly at his full length on the sofa. Vivian was employed in building houses with the cards.

"Grey," said the Chevalier de Bœffleurs; "I can't imagine why you don't for a moment try to forget the cards; that's the only way to win. Never sit musing over the table."

But Grey was not to be persuaded to give up building his pagoda; which, now many stories high, like a more celebrated, but scarcely more substantial erection, fell with a crash. Vivian collected the scattered cards into two divisions.

"Now!" said the baron, seating himself; "for St. George's revenge."

The chevalier and the greatest sufferer took their places.

"Is Ernstoff coming in again, baron?" asked Vivian, very calmly.

"No! I think not."

"Let us be sure; it's disagreeable to be

disturbed at this time of night, and so interested as we are."

"Lock the door, then," said St. George.

"A very good plan," said Vivian; and he locked it accordingly.

"Now, gentlemen," said Vivian, rising from the table, and putting both packs of cards into his pocket—"Now, gentlemen, I have another game to play." The chevalier started on his chair; the baron turned quite pale; but both were silent. "Mr. St. George," continued Vivian; I think that you are in debt to the Chevalier de Bœffleurs, upwards of two thousand pounds; and to Baron von Konigstein, something more than half that sum. I have to inform you, sir, that it is utterly unnecessary for you to satisfy the claims of either of these gentlemen, which are founded neither in law nor in honour."

"Mr. Grey, what am I to understand?" asked the quiet Chevalier de Bœffleurs, with the air of a wolf, and the voice of a lion.

"Understand, sir!" answered Vivian, sternly; "that I am not one who will be bullied by a black-leg."

"Grey! good God! Grey! what do you mean?" asked the baron.

"That which it is my duty, not my pleasure, to explain, Baron von Konigstein."

"If you mean to insinuate," burst forth the chevalier, "if you mean to insinuate—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing, sir; I leave insinuations and innuendos to shuffling *chevaliers d'industrie*. I mean to prove every thing."

Mr. St. George did not speak, but seemed as utterly astounded and overwhelmed as Baron von Konigstein himself; who, with his arm leaning on the table, his hands clasped, and the forefinger of his right hand playing convulsively on his left, was pale as death, and did not even breathe.

"Gentlemen," said Vivian, "I shall not detain you long, though I have much to say that is to the purpose. I am perfectly cool, and, believe me, perfectly resolute. Let me recommend to you all the same temperament—it may be better for you. Rest assured, that if you flatter yourselves that I am one to be pigeoned, and then bullied, you are mistaken. In one word, I am aware of every thing that has been arranged for the reception of Mr. St. George and myself this evening. Your marked cards are in my pocket, and can only be obtained by you with my life. Here are two of us against two; we are equally matched in number, and I, gentlemen, am armed. If I were not, you would not dare to go to extremities. Is it not, then, the wisest course to be temperate, my friends?"

"This is some vile conspiracy of your own, fellow," said de Bœffleurs; marked cards, indeed! a pretty tale, forsooth! The ministers of a first-rate power playing with marked cards! The story will gain credit, and on the faith of whom? An adventurer that no one knows; who, having failed this night in his usual tricks, and lost money which he cannot pay, takes advantage of the marked cards, which he has not succeeded in introducing, and pretends, forsooth, that they are those which he has stolen from our table; our own

cards being, previously to his accusation, concealed in a secret pocket."

"The impudence of the fellow staggered even Vivian. As for Mr. St. George, he stared like a wild man. Before Vivian could answer him, the baron had broke silence. It was with the greatest effort he seemed to dig his words out of his breast.

"No—no—this is too much! it is all over! I am lost; but I will not add crime to crime. Your courage and your fortune have saved you, Mr. Grey, and your friend, from the designs of villains. And you, wretch!" said he, turning to De Boëffleurs, "sleep now in peace—at length you have undone me." He leant on the table, and buried his face in his hands.

"Chicken-hearted fool!" said the chevalier; "is this the end of all your promises, and all your pledges? But remember, sir! remember. I have no taste for scenes. Good night, gentlemen. Baron, I expect to hear from you."

"Stop, sir!" said Vivian; "no one leaves this room without my permission."

"I am at your service, sir, when you please," said the chevalier, throwing down his card.

"It is not my intention to detain you long, sir; far from it; I have every inclination to assist you in your last exit from this room; had I time, it should not be by the door; as it is, go! in the devil's name." So saying, he hurled the adventurous Frenchman half down the corridor.

"Baron von Königstein," said Vivian, turning to the baron; "you have proved yourself, by your conduct this evening, to be a better man than I imagined you. I confess that I thought you had been too much accustomed to such scenes, to be sensible of the horror of detection."

"Never!" said the baron, with emphasis, with energy. The firm voice and manner in which he pronounced this single word, wonderfully contrasted with his delivery when he had last spoke, but his voice immediately died away.

We wish we could proceed further. Grey, finding the baron sincere, pays his debts, and the penitent culprit leaves Ems the next morning. We must find room for a few witty sentences founded on the above:—

"The sudden departure of Baron Von Königstein from the baths excited great surprise and sorrow. All wonder at the cause, and all regretted the effect. The archduke missed his good stories:—the rouge-et-noir table, his constant presence; and Monsieur le Restaurateur gave up, in consequence, an embryo idea of a fete and fire-works for his own benefit; which agreeable plan he had trusted, with his excellency's generous co-operation as steward or patron, he should have had no difficulty in carrying into execution. But no one was more surprised, and more regretted the absence of his excellency, than his friend Mr. Fitzloom—an influential English capitalist. What could be the reason?—Public business of course. Indeed he had learnt as much, confidentially, from Cracowsky. He tried Mr. Grey, but could elicit no-

thing satisfactorily; he pumped Mr. St. George, but produced only the waters of oblivion: Mr. St. George was gifted, when it suited his purpose, with a most convenient want of memory. There must be something in the wind—perhaps a war. Was the independence of Greece about to be acknowledged, or the dependence of Spain about to be terminated? What first-rate power had marched a million of soldiers into the land of a weak neighbourhood, on the mere pretence of exercising the military? What patriots had had the proud satisfaction of establishing a constitutional government without bloodshed—to be set aside in the course of the next month in the same manner? Had a conspiracy for establishing a republic in Russia been frustrated by the timely information of the intended first consuls? Were the janissaries learning mathematics?—or had Lord Cochrane taken Constantinople in the James Watt steam-packet? One of these many events must have happened—but which? At length Fitzloom decided on a general war. England must interfere either to defeat the ambition of France—or to curb the rapacity of Russia—or to check the arrogance of Austria—or to regenerate Spain—or to redeem Greece—or to protect Portugal—or to shield the Brazils—or to uphold the Bible Societies—or to consolidate the Greek Church—or to monopolize the commerce of Mexico—or to disseminate the principles of free trade—or to keep up her high character—or to keep up the price of corn.—England must interfere. In spite of his conviction, however, Fitzloom did not alter the arrangements of his tour—he still intended to travel for two years. All he did, was to send immediate orders to his broker in England to sell two millions of consols. The sale was of course effected—the example followed—stocks fell ten per cent—the exchange turned—money became scarce. The public funds of all Europe experienced a great decline—smash went the country banks—consequent runs on the London—a dozen baronets failed in one morning—Portland-place deserted—the cause of infant liberty at a terrific discount—the Greek loan disappeared like a vapour in a storm—all the new American States refused to pay their dividends—manufactories deserted—the revenue in a decline—the country in despair—orders in council—meetings in parliament—change of ministry—and new loan! Such were the terrific consequences of a diplomatist turning black-leg! This secret history of the late distress is a lesson to all modern statesmen. Rest assured, that in politics, however tremendous the effects, the causes are often as trifling, and sometimes still more despicable."

As the cause of the late panic is so satisfactorily explained, we shall now extract an adventure of another description, which, though mournful in its consequences, is written in a pure, yet impassioned style.—Miss Fane is represented as possessing the most exquisite sensibility,—with a frame already weakened by severe illness;—Vivian and Violet, (quite alliterative,) in an excursion, have missed the rest of the party:—

"The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, whose undulating forms were thrown into dark shadows against the crimson sky. The thin crescent of the new moon floated over the eastern hills, whose deep woods glowed with the y glories of twilight. Over the peak of a purple mountain, glittered the solitary star of evening. As the sun dropped, universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of nature. The voice of the birds was stilled; the breeze, which had refreshed them during the day, died away, as if its office were now completed; and none of the dark sounds and sights of hideous night yet dared to triumph over the death of day. Unseen were the circling wings of the fell bat; unheard the screech of the waking owl; silent the drowsy hum of the shade-born beetle! What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour—the sweet and soothing hour of twilight!—The hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest!—When we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them!

And Vivian, and his beautiful companion owned the magic of this hour, as all must do—by silence. No word was spoken, yet is silence sometimes a language. They gazed, and gazed again, and their full spirits held due communion with the starlit sky, and the mountains, and the woods, and the soft shadows of the increasing moon. Oh! who can describe what the o'ercharged spirit feels at this sacred hour, when we almost lose the consciousness of existence, and our souls seems to struggle to pierce futurity! In the forest of the mysterious Odenwald, in the solitudes of the Bergstrasse, had Vivian at this hour often found consolation for a bruised spirit—often in adoring nature had forgotten man. But now, when he had never felt nature's influence more powerful; when he had never forgotten man, and man's world, more thoroughly; when he was experiencing emotions, which, though undefinable, he felt to be new; he started when he remembered that all this was in the presence of a human being! Was it Hesperus he gazed upon, or something else that glanced brighter than an evening star? Even as he thought that his gaze was fixed on the countenance of nature, he found that his eyes rested on the face of nature's loveliest daughter!

"Violet! dearest Violet!"

"As in some delicious dream, the sleeper is awakened from his bliss by the sound of his own rapturous voice; so was Vivian roused by these words from his reverie, and called back to the world which he had forgotten. But ere a moment had passed, he was pouring forth in a rapid voice, and incoherent manner, such words as men speak only once. He spoke of his early follies—his misfortunes—his misery—of his matured views—his settled principles—his plans—his prospects—his hopes—his happiness—his bliss: and when he had ceased, he listened, in his turn, to some small still words, which made him the happiest of human beings. He bent down—he kissed the soft silken cheek which now he could call his own. Her hand was

In his; her head sank upon his breast. Suddenly she clung to him with a strong grasp. "Violet!" my own, my dearest; you are overcome. I have been rash, I have been imprudent. Speak, speak, my beloved! say you are not ill!"

"She spoke not, but clung to him with a fearful strength—her head still upon his breast—her full eyes closed. In the greatest alarm, he raised her off the ground, and bore her to the river side. Water might revive her. But when he tried to lay her a moment on the bank, she clung to him grasping, as a sinking person clings to a stout swimmer. He leant over her; he did not attempt to disengage his arms; and, by degrees, by very slow degrees, her grasp loosened. At last her arms gave way and fell by her side, and her eyes partly opened.

"Thank God! thank God! Violet, my own, my beloved, say you are better!"

"She answered not—evidently she did not know him—evidently she did not see him. A film was on her sight, and her eye was glassy. He rushed to the water-side, and in a moment he had sprinkled her temples, now covered with a cold dew. Her pulse beat not—her circulation seemed suspended. He rubbed the palms of her hands—he covered her delicate feet with his coat; and then rushing up the bank into the road, he shouted with frantic cries on all sides. No one came, no one was near. Again, with a cry of fearful anguish, he shouted as if an hyena were feeding on his vitals. No sound:—no answer. The nearest cottage he remembered was above a mile off. He dared not leave her. Again he rushed down to the water-side. Her eyes were still open—still fixed. Her mouth also was no longer closed. Her hand was stiff—her heart had ceased to beat. He shouted—he wept—he prayed. All, all in vain. Again he was in the road—again shouting like an insane being. There was a sound. Hark!—It was but the screech of an owl!

"Once more at the river-side—once more bending over her with staring eyes—once more the attentive ear listening for the soundless breath. No sound! not even a sigh! Oh! what would he have given for her shriek of anguish!—No change had occurred in her position, but the lower part of her face had fallen; and there was a general appearance which struck him with awe. Her body was quite cold:—her limbs stiffened. He gazed, and gazed, and gazed. He bent over her with stupor rather than grief stamped on his features. It was very slowly that the dark thought came over his mind—very slowly that the horrible truth seized upon his soul. He gave a loud shriek, and fell on the lifeless body of VIOLET FANE!"

We may, perhaps, recur to this publication, of which we have spoken very favourably, though our remarks are mostly borne out by the third volume; for the fourth and fifth volumes are replete with situations and incidents bordering on the ridiculous, the improbable, and the incongruous.

VOYAGE OF THE BLONDE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(Continued from p. 116.)

HAVING in our preceding notice given every thing relative to the errand of the Blonde to the Sandwich Isles, we shall now subjoin a few extracts which are interesting, and are worthy of comment. The old world has been *satiated* with the interference and intemperance of the ministers of religion in temporal matters, and we find that even in these remote specks of land, in an almost boundless extent of ocean, the missionaries are now exercising an authority over state affairs, at variance with their clerical functions, and calculated to disgust the natives with a faith which is attempted to be made so political. With a zeal, false and imprudent, these wandering priests have forbidden fires to be lighted on a Sunday, for the purposes of cookery, and have commanded their proselytes to attend church five times a day. 'Too much of a good thing,' says the proverb, 'is good for nothing,' and we think it was never more aptly illustrated than in the above instance. The editor of this volume observes that a love of power has influenced this conduct as much as the spiritual hope of promulgating the doctrines of Christianity, and we are fearful such is the case. The annexed anecdote will throw some light on these assertions:—

'We had a striking proof of their power the other night. It was Saturday; and as Karaimoku was now well enough to enjoy a spectacle, the promise made to Boki of reserving some of the figures of the phantasmagoria for his friends at Oahu was recalled, and preparations were accordingly made for its exhibition. As it was a public show, every body was expected to be there; and if Messrs. Bingham and friends were not expressly invited, it was probably because it was supposed they would come if they did not imagine the amusement of too worldly a nature. They had certainly due notice of it; for that very morning one of the party had a long conversation with one of the officers on the subject. How were we astonished, therefore, when all things being prepared, the company assembled, and among the rest, the little king and princess, notice was given, that on so near an approach of the sabbath, prayer was a fitter employment! Accordingly, the two poor children were carried off in tears, and many of the chiefs and people followed to the missionary meeting. Karaimoku and Kahumanu, however, staid with us, and were extremely charmed with the exhibition, examining the room after it was over, and exhausting themselves in conjectures as to the manner in which it was produced. The intemperate indecency of this conduct on the part of the mission seems to have occurred to some of the more reasonable among themselves. Mr. Stewart was with his wife, whose health is exceedingly delicate, at some distance: a note was sent to him, we think by Mr. Bingham, to tell him what was going on: his sensible advice was, that the missionaries, with their congregation, should adjourn in a body to the theatre,

see the show, and then return to prayers. This advice was, however, not acted upon, and our phantasms played to a thin house.'

Mr. Bingham, mentioned in the above, is the American missionary, and is supposed to exert a somewhat underhand influence over these islands in favour of the United States; but such things have been, from the earliest records of time, and we presume will ever be. It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant in this portion of our review to notice some points of questionable description which come nearer home. Upon the arrival of the Blonde in England, we were supplied with many particulars of events which occurred during the voyage. The noble captain having now entered the arena of letters, (for we presume his share of information has been added to the rest,) brings himself fairly before us. Is it to him many of the allusions in parliament were made, when the mode of punishment in the navy was brought under consideration? Were his men mutinous? Did they partake of the character of such crews as usually man our Indiamen? We are ever willing to bear testimony to striking virtues, particularly in public individuals, but even-handed equity requires that points of reprobation should be noticed as well as those traits of conduct which deserve praise. We lament that the crew of the Blonde should have deserved punishment so much that not one third escaped the lash. To return to the narrative—Karaimoku, who was afflicted with a dropsy, underwent, with success, the operation of tapping, to the great joy of himself and countrymen. There are several interesting details of expeditions to volcanos in this work, one of which we quote; it was formed by Lord Byron, who was accompanied by 'Mr. Malden, Mr. Dampier, and several other officers and idlers:—

'At daylight on the 27th June we began our ascent, and the first five miles went off gaily enough, though the path was occasionally rough, and set with pointed fragments of hard lava, which our thick-soled shoes could scarcely guard us against. Our road lay along the margin of the Waikaeah, nearly to the forest; and as we ascended, we observed the taro no longer cultivated in ponds, but growing in well weeded dry lands, and though inferior in size to that grown in the water-beds, not at all below it in quality. We skirted the wood for about a mile, and then, ere we entered it, filled up our water jars at a fine well, which we understood was the last we should find for at least ten miles. The foliage of the forest trees struck us as peculiarly beautiful; and above all, that of the kou or candle-nut. The entrance to the great wood is marked by an old and very picturesque tree, which formerly overshadowed a morai, and where, one of the vague and dark traditions of the island says, human victims were formerly sacrificed. A perpendicular ledge of rock, eight feet high, seems to raise the forest above the sloping ground below; and, having scrambled up this, the real forest path begins. This road is extremely narrow and intolerably bad, our progress being frequently impeded by fallen

trees, over which it was necessary to climb, as the thickly matted creepers, shrubs, and underwood which grew on every side made it impossible to find a way round them. The pointed rocks and hedges of lava were thinly covered with long glossy grass, which rendered our steps both fatiguing and dangerous; and long ere we had crossed the wood scarcely one of us could boast of a sound shoe. Having reached an open spot, about a hundred and fifty yards in extent, used commonly as a halting-place, some of us sat down to rest our wearied limbs, and envied the ease with which the natives seemed to tread the path so irksome to us. Their feet were defended only by sandals made of plaited cord, spun from the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree; and as they passed us they seemed disposed to exult in the superior speed and lightness with which they were ascending with their loads; and we could not help fancying that some of the women, in particular, laughed a little maliciously at us as they moved on. At length the weary wood was crossed and all the stragglers collected; and after a little halt, during which some changed their shoes, and all complained of their bruises, we proceeded five miles farther on our road; and though it wanted yet nearly half an hour of noon, it was agreed to dine under a fine-spreading tree that afforded a broad and agreeable shade. There were few other trees near it, but various shrubs and fern adorned the ground; and at no great distance, a grove of that species of hibiscus, of whose light wood the outriggers for the canoes are made, and whose bark affords cordage, adorned the scene: the timber of this tree is, we believe, a royal monopoly.

'The immediate superintendent of our provision and baggage was our friend Sir Joseph Banks. He soon caused the kanakas to spread out our dinner, which was excellently furnished with eatables of Hawaii, and drinkables from Europe; so that by two o'clock we had dined, and rested, and started afresh for Peli. We walked over the same kind of country, with a large tree here and there, but more frequently shrubs, and now and then bare patches of sand or lava; and at half-past four o'clock we reached the huts which had been prepared for us to pass the night in.'

'As we had been ascending during the whole day of the 27th, we found the air at day-break on the 28th cool and invigorating, and we began our day's march in high spirits. Besides the roughness of our yesterday's march, to-day we had great chasms in the lava, which often demanded our utmost care in walking. Near one of the largest of these, four poles had been erected to mark it as a burial place, where the bones of many of the people, particularly the worshippers of the fire-gods, used to be deposited. Shortly after we passed this primitive tomb, we met the botanist's party on their return: they seemed highly pleased with their excursion, and reported the volcano to be in full activity. We marched onward twelve miles farther; and then, with almost as much joy as Balboa could have felt on first discovering the waters of the Pacific, we hailed a cloud

of smoke that was issuing from the crater. We hastened forward with redoubled activity, though we were sometimes allured from the path by the beds of wild strawberries that we found in abundance, up to within a mile and a half of the crater.

'We now began to find a quantity of light ashes strewing our path, and the ascent suddenly became sharper, till within a mile of the crater, when our progress was suddenly arrested by finding ourselves on the edge of a precipitous ledge of seventy feet perpendicular height, clothed with trees and gigantic ferns. A winding but very steep path conducted to the bottom; and after moving onwards a few hundred yards more, we came to a second ledge, whence we heard the deep roaring of the volcano like the sounds proceeding from a blast furnace. And now, at every step, we perceived yawning chasms of unknown depth, from some of which columns of black smoke issuing told of what was going on in the realms of fire below. Near the greatest of these chasms, a number of Keioua's people, who had joined with him in rebellion against Tamehameha, and who happened to be on the mountain, were destroyed by fire from the volcano; and the traditions of the island tell of whole armies that have been overwhelmed by floods of burning lava.

'Numerous small cones seemed to indicate the former places of craters; they are mostly surrounded by sand, as if thrown up by them, though it might possibly have been drifted thither. The ground we trod was of heavy compact lava, with here and there red stains; and there were many huge blisters, or even caverns, like bubbles on it, lined with a shining vitreous substance, and sometimes with obsidian. On many parts of the surface was scattered what the natives call Peli's hair, and indeed it resembles hair or spun glass, and is probably only the melted volcanic glass blown off by the wind while in a state of fusion. All this part of the road looked like a petrified ocean; the summits of the ridges rough and curled, the sloping sides black and glassy, while in the troughs there lay sand and olivine, and bubbles of a rusty colour, which, on being broken, showed a light spongy substance with shining cells. Not far from the second ledge of lava we passed an extinct crater of great size, and computed to be nine hundred feet deep; its sides are clothed in rich verdure, but the bottom presents one smooth, shining, jet-black surface.

'The plain to which we descended from the lava ledges appears to have sunk, perhaps because the materials of the mountain, in that spot, have been partially consumed; it is fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and in the centre of it is the great crater. In many places the ground seemed hollow under our feet; it was rent by cracks and chasms, over some of which a thin crust of lava formed such dangerous bridges as thin ice across a torrent. Nothing warns of the danger of these holes, and it is not uncommon for persons to find the crust break under them, and so to slip through, when the only thing to be done is to throw their bodies forward, and extend their arms, and as the

chasms are mostly very narrow, they are generally saved. At length we reached the edge of the crater; but words are totally inadequate to describe the effect produced on us by the first sight of that dark fiery gulf. From its brink, where we stood, we looked down for more than thirteen hundred feet, over rocks of lava and columns of sulphur, between whose antique fissures a few green shrubs and juicy berry-bearing plants had fixed themselves, to a rugged plain, where many a cone, raised by the action of the fire below, was throwing up columns of living flame, and whirls of smoke and vapour, while floods of liquid fire were slowly winding through scorice and ashes, here yellow with sulphur, and there black, or grey, or red, as the materials which the flames had wrought on varied.

'Not less than fifty cones, of various height, appeared below us as the funnels of the various operations going on. At least one half of these were in activity, but it appears that the same are by no means constantly so; nay, that often older cones fall in, and new ones are formed elsewhere in the bottom of the pit. Some eject stones and fragments of rock, others throw out ashes only, while, from their dark or sulphur-coloured flanks, lavas and sometimes water issues; many of the cones emit vapours which, condensed, form beautiful beds of sulphur, others are distinguished by the wreathed columns of white and black, that indicate steam and smoke, curled round each other by the wind, but never mixing.

'We remarked, that within the sunken plain, and near the great crater, which the natives call Kairauca, there are pools of fresh cool water, doubtless furnished by the steam from below, which, condensing here, forms these pools, where numerous wild birds resort, and which are shadowed by reeds and bushes.

'Night increased the magnificence, perhaps the horror, of the scene. The volcano caused what Defoe calls "a terrible light in the air." The roar occasioned by the escape of the pent up elements, and the fearful character of the surrounding scenery, suited with that light; and all impressed us with the sense of the present Deity, such as when from Sinai he gave, with thunderings and with lightnings, the tables of the law.'

'Early on the morning of the 29th, having provided ourselves with stout sticks, we began to descend into the crater. We experienced little difficulty in reaching the first ledge. It forms a gallery round the inside at the depth of nine hundred and thirty-two feet, varying in breadth from four or five feet to upwards of twenty, and in some places completely overhanging the plain at the bottom, its supporting materials seeming to have been eaten away by the fire. From its appearance, and from its preserving its level, one might imagine that it formerly bounded the bottom of the crater itself, but that the wasting effect of the fires had caused it to sink still lower, and had left the ledge as a mark of the progressive destruction carried on. We were obliged to walk nearly to the opposite side of the crater from that where

we had descended so far, in order to find a safe path by which we might go down the other four hundred feet; and here the real difficulties commenced. The natives refused to proceed farther with us in our dangerous expedition, and we had to push on alone through ashes and lavas, and all the waste of fire. With the greatest care we could not pick our steps so securely but that often the apparently solid lava would give way, and we sank knee deep among ashes and scoria. At length we reached the bottom; and here our difficulties increased. Anxious to reach one of the cones at least, we were obliged to feel our way before us with our staves to avoid the crevices and fiery pools, where the thin crusts of lava might have been too fragile to support our weight: and when we had attained our object, the smoke and fire soon obliged us to retreat; and a change of wind taking place suddenly, the smoke and vapours were blown down into the crater, so that it was with some danger and great precipitation that we saved ourselves from their baneful effects. Nothing in the whole scene was more striking than the soft fire showers that seemed to rain down upon the burning plain.

The party passing the coming night in the mountain, were awakened by an earthquake, and soon afterwards a fresh crater opened in the gulf immediately below them, with tremendous noise, and flame, and stones, and smoke. The plain at the bottom was overflowed with fresh streams of lava in every direction, and a continual heaving even of the cool dark mass, and a tremulous motion of the side where we were, filled us with an involuntary dread, so that we slept no more, but prepared to leave the awful place with the first dawn of day.

Accordingly, with the first rays of the sun, we began our descent from the mountain, and arrived at the half-way houses, where we remained to sleep, at one o'clock. We suffered much less on our return than on going up; partly from the comparative ease of descending, and partly, too, from being in better training. On the 1st July we recrossed the forest that had cost us so much on our first day's march, and early in the afternoon reached our comfortable lodging at Byron Bay, nothing loath to be again at ease, though delighted to have seen the great Peli.

The natives affirmed that the English were like gods, for that they could equally endure the snow and the fire. The following anecdote is very characteristic of the overthrow of superstition, exemplified in the instance of a female chief, who braved the terrors in which tradition had invested this volcanic mountain:—

Kapiolani, the wife of Nahi, a female chief of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity; and desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain, descend into the crater, and, by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes, convince the inhabitants of the island that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies

of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family, and a number of followers, both of her own vassals and those of other chiefs, ascended Peli. At the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage and turned back: at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded; and on the very verge of the crater, caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurances, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw on herself, and those with her, certain destruction. Her answer was noble:—"I will descend into the crater," said she; "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli: but if I come back unhurt you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. Those who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awe-struck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence offered to the fires of Peli.

Among the minor defects of this volume, repetition is manifest. Cook's death and the veneration of the natives for that celebrated circumnavigator is mentioned no less than four times.

On the departure of Lord Byron for England—"Boki and Karaimoku embarked with us, and went in the ship to a considerable distance. The regent was delighted with the fast sailing of the ship; but neither that nor any thing else could entirely divert his mind from the regret he evidently felt at our departure; and, indeed, when we consider the great importance of our visit to these islands, the assurances of protection we had conveyed to them, and the confirmation of their hopes, as to their commerce and the furtherance of civilization, we cannot wonder that a man of such an understanding and temper as Karaimoku should have prized us greatly, and part from us with regret. On quitting the ship, Boki pressed Lord Byron's hands, and exclaimed repeatedly, "*Aroha, aroha! nui, nui, aroha!*" Blessing, blessing! great, great blessing! We saluted them with fifteen guns as they rowed towards the shore; and so took a final leave of two men, who, considering the state of civilization in which they were born, are among the most remarkable of their time."

We have said enough to give a decided

opinion of this volume, and we hope that in our remarks we have been guided by that discretion and forbearance which has hitherto claimed for our journal that undivided respect which it at present enjoys.

THE NATCHEZ.

BY THE VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

(Concluded from p. 110.)

We will now glance at the episode of René, which, though published many years ago, is indebted to the present translator for its first English dress. This young man is one of 'those beings whom fate takes a delight in persecuting,' and 'who are never innocent in the sight of God,' because 'they are the involuntary causes of misfortune or of crime.' With René 'fate' troubled herself very early, and treated him with extreme unkindness. He cost his mother her life in coming into the world, and, delivered in his early infancy to the hands of strangers, was destined to be educated and to live far from the paternal roof. According to his own account of himself, his disposition was impetuous, his temper unequal and fiery. By turns noisy and joyous, silent and sad, he at one moment would assemble about him his youthful companions, and then abandoning suddenly their society, would seat himself at a distance from them, to contemplate a flying cloud, or listen to the rain pattering on the leaves. Timid and constrained in the presence of his father, he found pleasure only in the society of his sister Amelia, with whom a sweet conformity of dispositions and tastes closely united him. They loved to climb the rock together, to sail upon the lake and to wander thoughtfully through the autumnal woods,—sometimes in silence, listening to the hollow moans of the winds, or the noise of the dry and rustling leaves which they trod upon in their wanderings,—at others pursuing the swallow through the meadows, or following the shifting rainbow over the misty hills. The following is a striking delineation of René's moody feelings:—

"Europeans, who are continually agitated, are forced to build themselves solitudes. The more tumultuous and stormy our hearts are, the more peace and silence attract us. These hospitable houses of my country, opened to the weak and the unfortunate, are often hidden in valleys, carrying to the heart at once a vague feeling of misfortune and the hope of a shelter; or sometimes they are situated on hills, whence the religious soul, like a plant of the mountains, seems to lift itself towards heaven to offer its perfumes to the skies.

"I yet see before me the majestic contrast of woods and waters which surround that antique abbey where I wished to shelter myself for ever from the caprices of fortune: in fancy I still wander at the decline of day among its echoing and solitary cloisters. When the moon half lit up the pillars of the arcades, and threw their shadows on the opposite wall, I would stop to contemplate the cross which marked the field of the dead, and the long grass which grew between the grave-stones. O ye mortals who, having lived far from the world, have but passed from the silence of life

to the quiet of the grave, with what disgust of the earth did the sight of your tombs fill my bosom!

"Whether from natural fickleness or prejudice against a monastic life, I changed my resolution, and determined to travel. I bade adieu to my sister: she pressed me in her arms with a feeling which seemed to resemble joy, as if she had been happy to quit me: and I could not repress a bitter reflection on the inconstancy of all human friendship.

"In the mean time, full of ardour, I launched upon the stormy ocean of the world, of whose ports and quicksands I was equally ignorant. I first visited the lands of people now no more: I sat down upon the ruins of Rome and of Greece, countries once full of human power and human ingenuity. Their palaces are now buried in the dust; the mausoleums of their kings hidden under thorns. O the strength of nature and the weakness of man! a blade of grass is often found to pierce through the hardest marble of these tombs, which none of those lying below, however powerful, can raise from above them!

"Sometimes a single lofty column would rear itself alone in the desert, as a grand feeling rises, at intervals, in a heart which time and misfortune have laid desolate. * * *

"But I soon grew weary of searching among coffins, where but too often I only disturbed the ashes of guilt.

"I wished to see whether the living inhabitants of these countries would offer to my contemplation more virtues and fewer vices than their vanished ancestors. As I wandered one day through a great city, and passed behind a palace in a retired and deserted square, I perceived a statue which pointed with its finger to a spot famous by a sacrifice*. I was struck with the silence of the spot; the wind alone moaned round the tragic marble. Workmen were reposing in utter indifference at the feet of the statue, or whistled as they worked. I asked them to what this monument referred: some could scarcely tell me, and others were totally ignorant of the catastrophe to which it referred. Nothing ever gave me a juster estimate of the events of life or of our own insignificance. Where are now the personages who made the world echo with their deeds? Time has made one step and the face of the earth has been changed.

"I searched in my travels for those artists and divine poets who sung on their lyres the praises of the gods, and the happiness of the nations that honour the laws, religion, and the grave.

"These men are unquestionably of divine race: they inherit the only talent which cannot be disputed as being a gift sent down from Heaven upon the earth. Their life is at once simple and sublime: they celebrate the gods with golden songs, yet they are the most primitive of men: they talk like immortal beings or like infancy: they expound the laws of the universe, without understanding the most ordinary affairs of life: their ideas upon death are full of wonders, yet they die peacefully as children newly born.

"On the hills of Caledonia, the last bard who has been heard among these deserts sung

* The statue of James II. behind Whitehall.

to me the poems with which a hero long ago consoled his old age. We were seated on four stones covered with moss; a torrent rolled at our feet: the wild deer browsed at a distance among the ruins of a tower, and the winds of the sea whistled over the heathy tracts of Cona. Now the Christian religion also born among high mountains has planted her cross on the hills of the heroes of Morven, and touched the harp of David on the borders of the same torrent where Ossian awoke his melancholy numbers. As pacific as the divinities of Selma were warlike, she guards a flock where Fingal fought, and has stationed angels of peace among the mists formerly peopled by phantoms of blood.

"The ancient and smiling Italy offered to my view her crowds of master-pieces. With what a holy and poetical awe I wandered through her vast edifices, which the arts have consecrated to religion! What labyrinths of columns! What a succession of arches and vaults! How sweet, too, are those sounds which are heard about their domes, like the echoes of the ocean-waves, or the murmur of the wind among forests, or the voice of God in his temple! The architect builds up, as it were, the ideas of the poet, and brings them in contact with our sense.

"Yet what had I learnt after all this fatigue? Nothing certain among the ancients, nothing lofty among the moderns. The past and the present are like two unfinished statues: the one has been withdrawn all mutilated from the ruins of past ages, and the other has not yet received its touches of perfection from the future."

Amelia loves her brother René,—loves him with an unholy fervour; and resolves upon securing both herself and him from the effects of her ill-fated passion, by immuring herself for ever within the gloomy walls of a convent. René thus describes the appalling spectacle:—

"At dawn I heard the first sounds of the bells. About ten o'clock, in a sort of agony, I forced myself to the monastery. Nothing can be more tragic than to be present at such a spectacle; nothing more melancholy than to survive it.

"An immense crowd filled the church. I was conducted to my seat in the chancel, and sunk on my knees, scarcely knowing where I was, or what I was doing. The priest was already at the altar: suddenly the mysterious grate opened, and Amelia came forth, adorned with all the pomp of this world. She was so beautiful, and wore in her aspect such an air of divinity, that she excited a general feeling of surprise and admiration. Overcome by the glorious grief of the saint and the grandeur of religion, all my projects of violence fled: my strength forsook me; I felt myself held fast by an almighty hand, and instead of threats and blasphemies, my heart uttered only praises and groans of humiliation.

"Amelia placed herself under the canopy. The sacrifice began by torch-light, amidst flowers and perfumes, to render the offering agreeable. At the offertory the priest took off his ornaments, and, wearing only a linen tunic, mounted the pulpit, and, in a simple and pathetic discourse, painted the happiness

of the virgin who consecrates herself to the Lord. When he pronounced these words: 'She is like the incense which the fire consumes,' a general calm, mingled with celestial odours, seemed to be diffused through the auditory; all felt as if under the shelter of the wings of the mystic dove, and fancied they beheld angels descending on the altar, and remounting to heaven with perfumes and wreaths.

"The priest ended his discourse, put on his robes, and continued the sacrifice. Amelia, supported by two young nuns, knelt down on the lowest step of the altar. I was then summoned to perform my paternal duties. On hearing the sound of my faltering steps in the sanctuary, Amelia nearly fainted. I was placed by the side of the priest that I might present to him the scissors. At this moment I felt all my fury renewed; and my rage was about to break forth, when Amelia, resuming courage, gave me a look so full of grief and reproach, that I was calmed in a moment. Religion triumphed. My sister took advantage of my feelings: she boldly held forth her head. Her beautiful hair fell in heaps beneath the sacred steel. A long muslin robe was assumed instead of the ornaments she had worn; but she looked no less touching for the change: her forehead was bound by a linen band, and the mysterious veil, the double sign of virginity and religion, covered her despoiled head. Never did she appear to me so beautiful. The eyes of the penitent were fixed upon the dust of this world, and her soul was in heaven.

"Amelia, however, had not yet pronounced the vows: and in order to die to the word, it was necessary that she should pass through the tomb. My sister lay down upon the marble: a pall was spread over her, and four torches burnt at the four corners. The priest in his stole, with the book in his hands, began the funeral service: young virgins continued it. O joys of religion, how great ye are, but how terrible! I was forced to kneel beside this mournful show. Suddenly a confused murmur was heard from beneath the sepulchral veil: I bent down, and these terrible words (which I alone was meant to hear) struck upon my ear: "God of mercy, grant that I may never rise from this funeral couch; and pour out all thy blessings upon my brother, who has never shared my criminal passion!"

"At these words the fearful truth flashed upon me: my reason wandered, I fell upon the pall, I pressed my sister in my arms, and cried out: 'Chaste spouse of Jesus Christ, receive my last embraces across the gulf of death and the depths of eternity which already separate thee and thy brother!'

"This action, my words, my tears, disturbed the ceremony: the priest paused, the nuns shut the grate, the crowd pressed up to the altar: I was carried away insensible."

Among the Natchez he finds a patron in the venerable Chactas, a sublime friend in a young savage, called Outagamiz, and a devoted and beautiful bride in Celuta, the sister of that savage. Still he is unhappy, still filled with illusory conceits, still disgusted with all that life presents, and anxious to withdraw

from the duties of society to indulge in fruitless reveries. We will now, as a concluding quotation, place before our readers a portion of the scene of wild and overwhelming misery to which we alluded in our last. René has been long absent,—the indiscriminate massacre of the whites is about to take place,—he approaches his solitary abode, but hesitates to enter, and pauses at every step:—

‘He was tempted, he knew not why, to return, to hide himself in the wood, and to await the return of morning. René felt himself no longer the master of his actions: an irresistible force bent him to the will of Providence: and, urged on almost against his resolution, he walked up to the threshold which he dreaded to cross, and cast a glance into the hut.

‘Celuta was on her knees: her head was sunk upon her bosom; her hair was hanging down over her forehead, her hands were clasped, and she seemed in the most humble and impassioned attitude of prayer. A little torch, which had burned so long that its light had become obscured, blazed in a corner of the hearth. The favourite dog of René, stretched before the fire, perceived his master, and gave signs of joy: but he arose not, as if he had feared to hasten a fatal moment. The daughter of René, suspended in her cradle from one of the carved beams of the hut, uttered from time to time a slight moan, which Celuta, absorbed in her grief, heard not.

‘René, as he stood on the threshold, contemplated in silence this sad and touching spectacle: he guessed that the prayers which Celuta was addressing to Heaven were for him: his heart was filled with intense gratitude, and his eyes, the springs of which a burning grief had long dried up, now discharged a torrent of delicious tears. He exclaimed—“Celuta! my Celuta!” as he flew to the unhappy spouse, whom he raised up, and clasped ardently in his arms. Celuta would have spoken: but love, terror, and despair, all prevented her: she made violent efforts to find words: her arms moved convulsively, her lips trembled: at length a shrill cry burst from her bosom, and restored to her the power of speech. “Save him! O save him! blessed and charitable spirits—take him with you into your abode!”

‘Celuta threw her arms round her husband, and pressing him to her bosom, seemed as if she would have hidden him there.

‘René lavished on his wife unaccustomed caresses. “What is the matter, my Celuta?” said he, “be of good cheer. I am come to protect and to defend thee.”

‘Celuta, looking towards the door, cried out, “They come!” and she placed herself before René, as if to shield him: “Barbarians, your blows shall only reach him through my heart!”

‘“My Celuta,” said René, “there is no one near. What troubles thee thus?”

‘Celuta stamped on the ground. “Fly, fly,” she cried, “or thou art lost! No—come and hide thyself under the skins of my bed; assume the dress of a woman.” Then the desolate spouse, taking off her vestments, would have attired her husband in them.

‘“Celuta,” said he, “resume thy reason. No danger threatens me.”

‘“No danger!” cried Celuta, interrupting him: “is it not I who have slain thee? have not I hastened thy death? Is it not thy spouse who hath fixed the day by removing the rushes! A secret. . . . Oh my country!”

‘“A secret!” replied René. “I have not told it thee!” cried Celuta. “Oh lose not this one moment—all that is left of thine existence. Let us fly together—plunge thyself with me into the river!”

‘Celuta fell on her knees before René: she kissed the dust of his feet, and conjured him by his daughter only to withdraw and to hide himself for a few hours. “At sunrise,” said she, “thou wilt be in safety: Outougamiz will be here, and then thou wilt know what I dare not tell thee now!”

‘“If my absence,” said René, “will cure thy grief, I will withdraw: hereafter thou wilt explain to me this mystery, which now I regard only as the effect of reason disturbed by fever.”

‘Celuta, enchanted, flew to the cradle of her daughter, whom she offered to her father’s kiss, and then urged René to leave the hut. René was about to quit it when the sound of arms was heard without. René turned round—when a hatchet, thrown violently, struck his forehead and sunk there, as the wedge into the oak—as the iron which mutilates some antique statue, the image of some God, and a master-piece of art. René fell on the floor of his hut—René was no more!

In spite of its many mistaken views and frequent extravagances, there are scenes and portraits in this romance which the pencil of genius has exquisitely touched, and which will insure it fame and favour of no trivial description.

On the Treatment of the more Protracted Cases of Indigestion. By A. P. W. PHILIP, M.D., F.R.S., L. and E. Being an Appendix to his Treatise on Indigestion. 8vo pp. 86. London, 1827. Thomas and George Underwood.

So lamentably prevalent a complaint is indigestion, and so pernicious an influence does it exercise over other diseases, that we are any thing but surprised at the eagerness with which the public grasp at productions like the present. The treatise, of which the little work now before us forms a sort of continuation, has been long familiar to the practitioner and the dyspeptic. It has passed through five editions, and, in the second, was considerably enlarged. As far as we can gather from those best qualified to speak upon the subject, Dr. Philip may claim the credit of having suggested a plan of treatment in the more advanced forms of what is called indigestion, very superior to any which were previously in practice. Yet it appears that this opinion does not universally obtain among the faculty, as two able physicians, (Drs. Paris and Johnson,) in works which we have recently had the pleasure of reviewing, maintain, that the distinctions of Dr. Philip, and, consequently, the advantages founded on them, are imaginary. Aware of

the difficulty of deciding upon disputed points of this nature, we shall simply quote the recriminatory remarks of Dr. Philip, and leave our readers to support the party which appears to make out the stronger case:—

‘Had these assertions been made at an earlier period, I could have said nothing in reply, but that I had observed the phenomena of the disease with care, and had often witnessed the good effects of the plans of treatment recommended, before I proposed them to the public; and that means, which are at all events safe, are at least worthy of a trial under circumstances in which we have often been compelled to make a trial of those, of which this cannot be said. At present, however, I have the testimony of physicians and others of our profession, in parts of the kingdom the most distant from each other, in favour of the efficacy of these means, and consequently, I conceive, of the accuracy of the observations which led to them.

‘That at some period of indigestion the complaint, from having been a mere nervous affection, assumes an inflammatory character; that this tendency is the source of all the mischief which we sometimes observe in protracted cases; that the usual means do not relieve this state, but that it yields, in most cases, to very gentle means of a different description, are facts which, when once pointed out, I believe all who have frequent opportunities of treating the disease, who view its phenomena with accuracy, and have sufficient command of themselves to prevent the interference of preconceived opinions, cannot fail to observe; and in this opinion I am now supported by men of the greatest experience in our profession. It must, therefore, appear to me, that writers who do what in them lies to recall the former principles of treatment, as far as they have been superseded by what I believe to be more correct views, tend to do harm; and, on this account, as well as in my own defence, I have thought it proper thus to state what I consider a sufficient reply to their observations.

‘Dr. Paris, indeed, replies to himself; for he has been betrayed into contradiction in the most essential part of his subject. In the 240th and 241st pages of his Treatise, he does me the honour to say, “I consider the train of reasoning by which Dr. Philip establishes the important fact, that long-continued irritation at length terminates in inflammation and organic derangement of the part affected, as constituting a very valuable part of his work.” Yet, when I say that irritation of the digestive organs, surely inferior to no other, produces in its progress inflammatory tendency, and at length organic disease; and, consequently, that indigestion naturally divides itself into three stages, the stage of simple irritation, that of inflammatory tendency, and that of organic disease, he observes, in the 234th page, “The arrangement is wholly artificial. Nature does not acknowledge it, nor will she submit to it!” The only thing difficult to account for is, that the disease should not sooner have been so divided.

‘I must be excused for adding, that it is the respectability of the foregoing gentlemen

alone which has induced me to reply to them; for I find nothing in their works but opinions brought in opposition to the facts I adduce; and as I have neither time nor inclination for controversy, I shall not in future be easily induced to reply to any similar observations. I willingly leave the doctrines in question to their fate. If they are founded on correct observation, the remarks, neither of these nor any other writers, will prevent their reception by the public. If they are not, it is not my wish that they should be received.

'It has always been my aim to observe the phenomena of disease with a mind as little biassed as possible, a maxim I would strongly recommend to the attention of both the gentlemen in question; persuaded that, had they more strictly observed it, the censure they have bestowed on me would have been less severe.

'Either from some obscurity in my style or want of care on their part, I have made myself very imperfectly understood by either of them in what I have said of the nature of indigestion.

'Dr. Paris, indeed, has wholly misunderstood even the meaning I attach to the term indigestion, which, if he will take the trouble to recur to my Treatise, he will find I consider a disease, not of any one set of organs, but of the whole system; and, in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th pages, I take great pains clearly to place this meaning before the reader. I would also take the liberty of referring Dr. Paris to a more careful perusal of my Treatise respecting several other topics, particularly the subject of dyspeptic phthisis; for I can hardly believe that Dr. Paris will deny that consumption is sometimes caused by long-continued disorder of the digestive organs. He will find that consumption, so caused, is what I call dyspeptic phthisis. How he explains the operation of this cause, he will, perhaps, on reflection, admit, is comparatively unimportant.

'If Dr. Johnson will be so good as to recur to my Treatise, he will find that I never, as he supposes, regarded tenderness in the region of the stomach as indicating organic disease either of it or of the liver; and that these are only two of many instances in which he has misconceived me.

In his present work, Dr. Philip treats of those points to which he conceives attention should be principally directed in the more advanced stages of the disease, prefacing the brief dissertations into which he has divided this essay, with some excellent remarks upon the 'necessity of arriving at general principles, without which,' he observes, 'our practice must always be vague; for every constitution having its peculiarities, it is often of little consequence to know what has been of use in particular instances. Thus it is that rules of practice, which lead to no determinate principles, are generally of little value. After all that can be said, the practitioner still feels himself at a loss in attempting to apply them. It is a knowledge of these principles alone which constitutes the difference between the rational practitioner and the mere empiric. We have only to add, that Dr. Philip's work contains much novel and

useful advice on the examination by pressure on the regions of the stomach and first intestine: on the state of the organs of waste in indigestion; on the influence of habitual indigestion in other diseases; and a description of the valuable qualities of certain medical preparations.

Original Hymns and Moral Poems, for Children and Young Persons. By RICHARD MATTHEWS, and E. 12mo. pp. 108. London, 1827. Wightman and Cramp.

A PRETTY little collection of devotional pieces, not ill-adapted to effect the avowed object of the authors, that of providing for the minds of children such aliment as may beneficially influence their after years. The subjects are chosen with due attention to variety and the other requisites for youthful readers, and the style is sufficiently clear and unpretending. We subjoin a sweet specimen of these effusions:—

WHAT IS LIFE.

"It is even a vapour which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—James iv. 14.

'What is life? 'Tis a vanishing vapour,
Appearing and passing away;
The flame of a perishing taper,
That dies at the dawning of day.
As short as a mist in the morning;
As weak as a flower on its stem;
As frail as the dew-drops, adorning
That transient and beautiful gem.
The wind whistles, the vapour has vanished;
Day dawns,—and the taper expires;
The sun shines, and the mist is all banished,
And fled from the warmth of his fires;
The tree in its beauty has perished,
The dew is inhaled from its flowers;
And the hope that in life we had cherished,
Is gone with the fast fleeting hours.
So frail is our youth and our beauty,
So soon will they wither and fade;
And the voice that invites to our duty,
Shall summon us soon to the dead,—
Whatever of wealth or of pleasure,
We seek to secure as our own,
Appear but to tell us the measure
Of moments eternally flown.
See! Time, like an eagle is flying;
Eternity follows his train;
His path with the dead and the dying
Is strewn, and shall soon be again.
The votaries of joy and of sorrow,
His victims alike must deplore,
And the place that now knows them, to-morrow
Shall know them for ever no more!" [row

Old English Sayings Newly Expounded, in Prose and Verse. By JEFFREYS TAYLOR, Author of 'Parlour Commentaries,' &c. 12mo. pp. 147. London, 1827. Wightman and Cramp.

THE idea of this little volume is good, and we should have been well pleased had the execution been equally meritorious. It is, of course, a sufficiently homely affair, and to this, in fairness, we cannot object; there should, however, have been something more of real humour and spirit exhibited, and, perhaps, a greater variety of Old English Sayings would have heightened the effect. We quote one of these 'wise saws and modern instances':—

SOFT WORDS AND HARD ARGUMENTS.

'He who blusters without reasons, has most reason to bluster. He who is strenuous on the wrong side of the argument, has the utmost occasion for any auxiliaries which he can press into his service; and it must be confessed, that vociferation and clamour are as likely means of persuasion as any that can be devised, when the why and the wherefore do not happen to be at hand,—

"When thoughts are gone, and reason spent, Then bullying is most excellent!"

'It is undeniable, that obstreperous disputants do in this way very frequently gain their point, carry their enemies' works by assault, and make right and reason fly before them. Chaff flies before the wind, and the wheat itself before the whirlwind.

'This gusty kind of eloquence, however, loses its effect surprisingly, if often resorted to, even over those who are most apt to be influenced by it. With such as have a tolerable share of penetration and firmness, it is not only the most ineffectual, but the most prejudicial method a man can employ; it is not merely useless, but mischievous to his purpose. Increasing elevation and strength of voice almost always indicate correspondent depression and weakness of argument; and so good a guide is this to persons possessing discernment of character, that they find out what arguments are most powerful on their own side, by the loudness of their adversaries' rejoinder, and often perceive that nothing more than a calm repetition of them is needful to ensure the victory. Where, however, they wish to prevent an explosion of passion, they will, by the same rule, forbear pushing their reasoning home; deal gently with replies, the logic of which is alarmingly feeble; and avoid, at the price of conquest, depriving a vehement wrangler of the only refuge that remains to him.

'It is certain, that amongst controvertists, none are so furiously tempestuous in their wrath, as those whose arguments are at their last gasp from some mortal thrust of the enemy. Thus it is—if between men of mettle that disputes upon subjects of as little moment as the colour of the cameleon, become affairs of life and death! He that has uttered his last word in reason, utters one in passion, and the business is settled shortly after upon a spot where there are two enemies, two friends, a brace of pistols, and a surgeon.

'But amongst zealous disputants in general, though they may stop far short of this, soft words are not much in use. These persons seem to have little practical conviction of the cogency of unassisted reasoning. Accustomed to underrate, if not to disallow entirely, all opinions, right or wrong, which clash with their own, they anticipate equal prejudices in others, and think that noise and bustle will give efficiency to words which, without such aid, would have no effect at all. Nothing, however, worth gaining, is obtained thus;—

"He that's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

whatever assent may be extorted, unless irresistible truth operates upon his mind. Loud and ill-adjusted language never can conduce

to this end Words are like weights; gravity gives them effect. They must be placed quietly in the scale, and left to incline the balance by their own unaided tendency; if they do not then accomplish their end, they are totally incompetent, and all attempts to influence them are equally despicable and absurd.'

The Log Book, a Naval Review and Seaman's Register. J. Robins and Sons

THE first number of a nautical magazine, the contents of which are characteristic and spirited. Equal attention is paid to the useful as to the entertaining, and we doubt not that *The Log Book* will be cordially welcomed by 'all who delight in reading about the hardy doings and queer sayings of the sons of the ocean.'

The City of Refuge: a Poem, in Four Books. By THOMAS QUIN. 12mo. pp. 164. London, 1827. Wightman and Cramp.

WHEN to the praise of smooth versification and some poetical feeling, we add that of earnestness in the sacred cause which the author advocates, we have said all that we can say in favour of the *City of Refuge*.

Fragments in Verse; chiefly on Religious Subjects. By ANN BUTLER. 12mo. pp. 158. London, 1827. Geo. B. Whittaker.

THESE *Fragments* have as much of devotional fervour as the *City of Refuge*; they have, however, less merit in other respects, and whilst they bear testimony to the inexperience of the writer, do not indicate that any future effort will be more successful.

Pinnock's Elements of Modern Geography and General History; on a Plan entirely new. By G. ROBERTS, Author of the *Epitome of Astronomy, Sacred Biography, &c.* &c. Geo. B. Whittaker.

Pinnock's Epitome of Classical Biography; with Historical Notices of the most important Ancient Nations, &c. A new Edition, revised and improved by W. C. TAYLOR, A. B.

THESE works are so popular, and their merits have been so long and well appreciated, that it is only necessary to state, that the present editions have, by a judicious revision, been rendered as perfect as it is possible to make works of this nature, and that we know of none that can be more safely recommended to the youthful student.

The Monuments and Genii of St. Paul's and of Westminster Abbey; comprising Naval and Military Heroes, Poets, Statesmen, Artists, Authors, &c. By GEORGE LEWIS SMITH, Student at Law. The whole richly embellished with Engravings on Steel, minutely copied from the Statues, expressly for this work, in 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 956. London, 1827. John Williams.

THIS very useful, instructive, and interesting work, has already been before the public in parts; the two first of which we noticed in the 391st number of *The Literary Chronicle*; and is a compilation of eminent biography, very cleverly executed: the most important events in the life of each individual are nar-

rated in clear, perspicuous, and often elegant language, and either for youth or age, cannot fail of proving acceptable. Each separate life betrays considerable research, and does credit to Mr. Smith's abilities. Although much is known of the public characters here noticed, yet the introduction of fresh matter has enlivened biographical monotony, and rendered every memoir worthy of attention. The graphic portions of the volumes are the least entitled to commendation; but even these are faithful copies of the original monuments, and make up in correctness for their want of finished execution.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS

To a Lady, who addressed a Letter to the Author, sealed with a Harp, and the Motto—'Je répond à qui me touche.'

THE harp is typical of thee;

It hath a form of grace—and thine—

Oh! who the palm of loveliness

To thee would not resign?

The harp is typical of thee:

Its chords, swept by a master-hand,

Sounds of seducing melody

Yield at the loved command:

And even so, thy heart and mind

Are chorded with the golden chords,

That touched with skill, yield minstrelsy

The sweetest earth affords.

The harp is typical of thee:

If hands unskilled and rude should dare

Essay its power, the fragile strings

Would break, or breathe despair.

Such is thy heart—it was not formed

The grasp of misery to bear;

And many vainly shall essay

To wake the music there.

Then banish this delusive token:

Responses from the harp and thee;

Even I perchance might win, but, lady,

What would those answers be? —DE—

BRITISH INSTITUTION—SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—The gross mismanagement of the affairs of the British Institution, although a 'thrice-told tale,' is still the theme of universal complaint and reprobation among artists; and certainly not without a cause. How much it is to be hoped, then, that some active patron of the arts will interfere before the advent of another season, and by endeavouring to correct the evils complained of, rescue it, if possible, from the miserable state of abasement into which it has fallen. The inordinate passion evinced in that quarter for old pictures, has a most mischievous tendency, and is just as ruinous to the interests of modern art, as a blind partiality in the selection and hanging of new ones. A picture, hung in an obscure corner, elevated to the roof, or lowered to the skirting, is so effectually and irretrievably damned, that any artist would rather have his works excluded altogether than be subject to such treatment; for, in that case, after bestowing a few consolatory curses on the heads of the managers, and get-

ting his battered frames mended and regilt he can send them to another gallery. It is to be hoped, also, that the unfair proceedings which characterise the older establishments may not extend their baneful influence to those of more recent origin; not that I think this is at present to be apprehended; for if the former have never set an example worthy of imitation, surely their errors are too obvious not to serve as a useful landmark to the latter: and, accordingly, those rising artists who have nothing but their own merit—a poor recommendation, it is true, in these intriguing times—to befriend them, are looking up with increased hope and confidence to the *Society of British Artists*.

I see, by the proclamation issued from head-quarters a few weeks since, that the leaders of that well-organised and enterprising body are again mustering their forces preparatory to the ensuing campaign, and while their former companions, encouraged by the laurels they have already gathered in the cause, are equipped and fit for service, it is ascertained that fresh recruits are every where ready to join their standard. United among themselves, and cheered on in their march by the approbation of the public, there can be no doubt that the operations of this spirited and enthusiastic little party will again be crowned with that signal, nay, triumphant success, which has hitherto marked their progress.

Though warmly interested in every thing relating to art, I am no artist; nor would I now presume to trouble you, if I thought that sensible writer, Jonathan Oldworthy, had any thing to say upon the subject.

Feb. 1827. Your's, &c. A VOLUNTEER.

THE BONNY SCOT.

OF all the lads I've ever seen,

A Highland lad I'd be;

Of all the glens so fair and green,

A Highland glen for me!

Away with wealth, I ask but health,

Fond love and Highland cot;

With wood-crowned hill and murmuring till;

Myself—a bonnie Scot.

With auburn hair and eye of blue,

Light step and open brow,

And cheek on which health's roseate hue

Is ever wont to glow.

His heart-felt joy knows no alloy,

Despair, nor hope—for what

The cares of life's with either rife

To him—the bonnie Scot?

Does friendship find a trusty friend?

A Highland friend is he;

Does pity, sorrow e'er attend?

A Highland lad's 'twill be!

When sorrow flies, with beaming eyes,

Who gilds the favour'd spot?

Who flies to aid, when cares invade?

'Tis he—the bonnie Scot.

And oh! when woman sheds the tear,

Who foremost wilt thou see

To chase away each idler fear,

Who kinder find than he?

Courts he by guile young Beauty's smile,

Or blames his Fortune's lot,

Or fears he death for lady's wrath?

Not he—the bonnie Scot.

H. B.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,—THE DRAMA,—
WAVERLEY NOVELS.

At the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, held on Friday last, Sir Walter Scott presided. After the usual loyal toasts had been given, and the memory of the late Duke of York had received a silent tribute of profound respect, Sir Walter Scott, inviting the meeting to support 'The Theatrical Fund,' said he was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come there to cherish. This, however, he considered to be the proper time and proper occasion for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity,—it was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions. In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As man has advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representations has increased, and all works of this nature have been improved, in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at Marathon. The second and next were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth,—that era in the classical history of that country,—they would find, that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And also in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the drama began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind. There have been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors have been stigmatized; and laws have been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were passed, and to the legislators by whom they were adopted. What were the times in which these laws were passed? Was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most rational of all our amusements; when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their Bibles? He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tent of sin. He did not mean to dispute, that there were many excellent persons who thought differently from him,

and they were entitled to assume, that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences, in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant to those persons, if they were what they usurp themselves to be; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he should crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that if they did not choose to go to the theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our religion itself. The performers are in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they render an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they can avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they have but a short space of time, during which they are fortunate if they can provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That comes late, and lasts but a short time; after which they are left dependent. Their limbs fail; their teeth are loosened; their voice is lost; and they are left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state. The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependent on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons of whom extreme prudence is not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether there were not circumstances which would soften his own feelings, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom,—to every better feeling,—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected;—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy? He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, were called *stars*, but they were sometimes fallen ones. There was another class of sufferers naturally and necessarily connected with the theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors have a saying, every man cannot be a boatswain. If there must be persons to act Hamlet, there must also be people to act Laertes, the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act Hamlet alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding officers, and subalterns; but what are the private soldiers to

do? Many have mistaken their own talents, and have been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they are not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and to the artist to paint sign-posts. But he could not send the player adrift, for if he cannot play Hamlet, he must play Guildenstern. The worthy baronet then concluded a brilliant speech with a powerful appeal to the liberality of the meeting.—The whole address was received with delight, and warmly applauded throughout.

Lord Meadowbank shortly afterwards proposed the health of the Great Unknown,—the mighty magician,—the minstrel of their country—Sir Walter Scott, which was drunk with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir Walter Scott, in returning thanks, remarked, that in attending the dinner of The Theatrical Fund, he did not expect to have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure, that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of *not proven*. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice; he had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. This public unequivocal avowal was received with animating cheers.

A detail of the whole of the proceedings of this public dinner is given in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of Saturday last; our object being only to register Sir Walter Scott's opinions upon the dramatic art, and his taking to himself that honourable distinction which has long been assigned him,—the authorship of the Waverley Novels,—we refer those who wish to peruse the proceedings of this memorable day to the paper just mentioned. We must, however, remark that the authorship of the Waverley Novels has indirectly been so frequently acknowledged, that the above confession was almost a work of supererogation. The principal motive appears to have been the setting at rest the question (the only one mooted of late on the subject,) whether the novels were *exclusively* the labours of Sir Walter. For our own parts, we never could discover any reason to suppose them the production of more than one hand, excepting indeed, from the rapidity of their publication. Unequal as are their merits, their faults are evidently the faults of the author of their beauties, and bear no

traces of an inferior mind. We recollect once meeting, at a dinner party, a gentleman who was said to be *collecting materials* for the *Waverley Novelist*.

While upon this subject, we must beg leave to protest against the want of taste shown in announcing the forthcoming '*Life of Napoleon*,' as by the *Author of Waverley*. Every person must feel that the dignity of history, and especially of such a history, gains nothing from the patronage of a *novel*;—indeed, we are not sure that it will not tend to impair public confidence in its severe adherence to facts;—an injury, the most serious which can befall the labours of the historian. Sir Walter (for we suppose the announcement is under his authority,) seems here to have failed sadly in preserving that distinction of character for which his fictions are so deservedly famous.

WINTER: A SONNET.

How chang'd the scene! the Summer's gentle rill
Now rolls a turbid torrent, while the grove,
Whose leafy solitudes seem'd form'd for love,
(Where Nature's music bade the bosom thrill,
Shorn now of all its charms, is drear and still;
Yet one sweet Robin, who with simple song
Cheers what would else be cheerless, while the strong
And piercing north-wind spreads around its chill.
The blossoms all are fled; save only one,
The new-born snow-drop tells of happier hours,
When Spring shall o'er the world again have thrown
Her robe of beauty, gemm'd with fairest flow'rs;
Then shall the stream be clear, the sky be bright,
And Winter only thought of as a dream of night.

J. M. L.

THE LOUNGER'S PORTFOLIO.

I. THE DEVIL'S DANCING PLACE—A GERMAN TRADITION.

MORE than a thousand years ago, all the country about the Hartz was inhabited by giants, who were heathens and sorcerers. They knew no joy but in murder and rapine. If all other weapons failed them, they would tear up oaks of sixty years' growth, and fight with them. Whoever came in their way, fell beneath their clubs; and all the women whom they could seize were carried off to wait upon their pleasure day and night.

One of these giants, named Bohdo, who was immensely huge and powerful, spread terror through all the land. Before him trembled all the giants, both among the Bohemians and Franks. But Emma, the daughter of the King of the Riesengebirge, (the giant-mountains,) would not yield to the suit which he urged. Neither strength nor cunning availed, for she was in league with a powerful spirit. One day, Bohdo beheld his beloved hunting at a distance, on the mountains; he saddled his courser, which sprang over the plains at the rate of a mile in a minute, and swore, by all the spirits of hell, he would reach her this time or perish. He rushed on, swift as the hawk flies, and had nearly overtaken her, before she perceived that her enemy pursued her; when, at a distance of two miles, she knew her enemy by the gate of a plundered town, which he bore as his shield. Then spurred she swiftly her horse, and it flew from hill to hill, from rock to rock, over marshes, and through woods, till the trees of the forest cracked like stubble under its feet. Thus passed she over Thu-

ringia, and came to the mountains of the Hartz. Often did she hear, some miles behind her, the snorting of Bohdo's steed, and goaded on her own courser to new exertions. At length it came panting to the brink of the precipice, which is now called the Devil's Dancing Place, from the triumph there of the spirits of hell. Emma looked down in horror, and her horse trembled, for the rock stood like a tower, more than one thousand feet over the abyss below. From beneath was faintly heard the rushing of the stream in the valley, which here curled itself into a frightful whirlpool. Above it, on the opposite side, rose another shelf of rock, which seemed scarcely wide enough to receive the forefoot of her steed. Awhile she stood amazed and doubtful. Behind rushed the enemy more hateful to her than death; before lay the abyss, which seemed yawning for her destruction. Again she heard the snorting of her pursuer's horse, and, in the terror of her heart, she cried to the spirits of her fathers for help, and reckless plunged her ell-long spurs into her courser's flank; and it sprang!—sprang over the abyss of a thousand feet, reached happily the rocky shelf, and drove its hoof four feet deep into the hard stone, till the sparks of fire flew like lightning around. There is the foot-step still! Time has not bated aught of its depth, and no rain shall wear away the track! Emma was saved! but her royal crown of gold fell, during the leap, from her head into the abyss below. Bohdo saw only his Emma, and thought not of the precipice; he sprang after her with his war-horse, and plunged into the whirlpool, which still bears his name. There, changed into a black hound, he watches the princess's crown, that no one may draw it from the gulph.

A driver was once induced, by large promises, to make the attempt; he plunged in, found the crown, and drew it up till the assembled crowd beheld the golden points. Twice the burden escaped from his hands, and the people cried to him to renew the attack. He did so, and—a stream of blood tinged the pool, but the driver came up no more.

The wanderer passes through that vale with chilly horror; for clouds and darkness hang around it, and the stillness of death broods over the abyss; no bird wings its way over, and in the dead of night the hollow-bellowing of the heathen dog is often heard in the distance.

II. WORDSWORTH AND THE GIPSIES.

MR. WORDSWORTH, who once wrote a sonnet to the king on the good that he had effected in fifty years, has made an attack on a set of gipsies for having done nothing in four-and-twenty hours. 'The stars had gone their round, but they (the gipsies) had not stirred from their place.' And why should they, if they were comfortable where they were? We did not expect this turn from Mr. Wordsworth, whom we had considered as the prince of poetical idlers, and patron of the philosophy of indolence, who formerly insisted on our spending our time 'in a wise passiveness.' Mr. W. will excuse us

if we are not converts to his recantation of his original doctrine; for he who changes his opinion, loses his authority. We did not look for such Sunday-school philosophy from him. What had he himself been doing in these four-and-twenty hours? Had he been distributing stamps, or writing a sonnet? We hate the doctrine of utility, even in a philosopher, and much more in a poet; for the only real utility is that which leads to enjoyment, and the end is in all cases better than the means. A friend of our's from the north of England proposed to make Stonehenge of some use by building houses with it. Mr. W.'s quarrel with the gipsies is an improvement on this extravagance; for the gipsies are the only living monuments of the first ages of society; they are an everlasting source of thought and reflection on the advantages and disadvantages of the progress of civilization; they are a better answer to the cotton manufactories than Mr. W. has given in the *Excursion*. 'They are a grotesque ornament to the civil order.' We should be sorry to part with Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, because it amuses and interests us; we should be still more so to part with the tents of our old friends, the Bohemian philosophers, because they amuse and interest us more. If any one goes a journey, the principal event in it is his meeting with a party of gipsies. The pleasantest trait in the character of Sir Roger de Coverly is his interview with the gipsy fortune-teller. This is enough. We really have a very great contempt for any one who differs with us on this subject.

III. KEAN AND HIS LION.

MR. KEAN keeps a lion 'for his pastime, that he may take pleasure with him when he is minded so to do.' It is, to be sure, an American lion, a *pumah*, a sort of great dog; but still it shows the nature of the man, and the spirited turn of his genius. Courage is the great secret of his success. His acting is, if not classical, heroical. To dare and to do, are with him the same thing:

'Masterless passion sways him to the mood
Of what he likes or loathes.'

He may be sometimes wrong, but he is then decidedly wrong, and does not betray himself by paltry doubts and fears. He takes the lion by the mane. He gains all by hazzarding all. He throws himself into the breach, and fights his way through as well as he can. He leaves all to his feelings, and goes where they lead him; and he finds his account in this method, and brings rich ventures home.

REUBEN.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* was performed on Tuesday night, when Miss Ayton sustained the character of Fiorilla, and Zucchelli that of Selim. This opera, as a musical composition, does little honour to its author; and the levity or indelicacy which offends in the representation, too often affects the popularity of the performer,—thus it is that Miss Ayton is not so much admired in Fiorilla as in her former

character; indeed, it does not afford sufficient scope for her talent. The house was well attended.

DRURY LANE.—Thursday-night novelties at the theatres are somewhat late for our convenience; but this we do not overvalue, when any object of sufficient interest preponderates. The new comedy, however, entitled *The Trial of Love*, from the pen of Mr. Soane, is not worthy of lengthy comment, and comes within the newly-adopted law of this theatre, viz.—if a piece is not decidedly successful on the first representation, it shall not be repeated! Disapprobation, with its hissing sounds, made itself manifest at the end of the third act; Music checked the discord, but did not deprive the audience of their judgment. Although there were many eyes at the fall of the curtain, still the noes were sufficiently numerous to induce the managers to withdraw this *Trial of Love*, which the combined talents of the theatre, Liston included, could not induce the public to endure.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—At this agreeable and well-constructed theatre, Mr. Bartley has resumed his lectures on astronomy, with illustrations of the phenomena of the heavens and of the earth; the sublimity of the subject, and the distinct and impressive manner in which the lecturer delivers himself, has been, is, and will continue to be, a theme for public praise.

Mr. Mathews will be *At Home* on Thursday next, when we shall have the pleasure of waiting upon him. His invitations are ever so full of promise, and so free from disappointment, that we cannot be too sanguine in our expectations; and the entertainment he now promises being entirely new, we depend upon his taste for a piquant, rich, and substantial treat.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.—*Soirées Françaises*.—M. Perlet's engagement at this theatre will terminate on the 12th inst. During the last week, he has been playing in *L'Homme Gris*, *Le Petit Enfant Prodigue*, *Une Visite à Bedlam*, *Le Bénéficiaire*, et *Le Conscrit*. The departure of Perlet will be a serious loss to the Tottenham Street Theatre; and MM. Cloup and Pelissié, as well as their whole company, must redouble their exertions, to indemnify the public for the absence of this admirable actor, who, though out of his sphere in Figaro, and inferior to Potier in *Le Bénéficiaire*, is unrivalled in the parts of Edouard, in *L'Artiste*; Crescendo, in the *Visite à Bedlam*; and Jacques, in the *Conscrit*. He is also deserving of the warmest commendation as Crispin, in the *Légataire*; Sosie, in *Amphytrion*; Danville, in *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, &c.

The London French Theatre is deserving of public favour on more than one account. It is not merely an agreeable place of amusement, but of useful information; for, whilst attending the representations of the chef-d'œuvres of Molière, Regnard, Destouches, Delavigne, and even of Scribe, the student may perfect himself, (much more surely than by the aid of a French master,) in the language and literature of our neighbours. We shall, therefore, continue occasionally

to devote a few lines to this theatre, which, during the absence of Perlet, will continue to number among its performers—Madame Daudel, an excellent representative of Molière's waiting-women, though by no means forcible in a vaudeville; Mademoiselle Constance, ill-suited for the higher walks of comedy, but excellent as Kettly, in the *Retour en Suisse*; Suzette, in the *Mariage de Raison*; and in all characters that unite feeling and simplicity; Madame Clouzel, so justly applauded in the *Visite à Bedlam*, and who is much better adapted than Mademoiselle St. Léon for several characters of Molière's; M. Daudel, the best singer of the company, and equally good as Damis, in the *Tartuffe*; Lindorf, in the *Homme Gris*; and St. Ernest, in *Haine aux Femmes*; M. Pelissié, an indifferent singer, but a valuable representative of military characters and coxcombs; and, finally, M. Marius, a good comedian; M. Cloup; Madame Deligny; and M. Allix, a very useful and industrious young actor. Let the directors of this theatre vary their representations, and make a judicious selection from the numerous, but often insipid productions of the French drama; let them be less tedious between the pieces; and let the actors study their parts more correctly, and the public will continue to support and applaud them.

VARIETIES.

Dr. Kitchiner.—This most eccentric and truly amiable man suddenly departed this life at one o'clock on Tuesday morning. For a few previous days he had laboured under a slight indisposition, which, however, afforded his friends no reason to surmise any melancholy result. He was the son of an eminent coal-merchant in the Strand, who was patronised by the then minister, Lord Shelbourne, and, through this nobleman's powerful influence, pursued his business on a gigantic scale, supplying most of the government offices, and of the high Tory fashion and party of the day. When he died, he transmitted the handsome fortune (between sixty and seventy thousand pounds,) he had thus honourably acquired to his only son, the late lamented Dr. Kitchiner; than whom none, perhaps, ever existed who have made a more laudable use of their wealth. His conduct, as a father, as a friend, and as a member of society, was unimpeachable; his benevolence was great, his good humour unbounded, and his eccentricity amusing. Perhaps none ever better knew this town; and the proof of the assertion is the tact with which he selected the subjects on which he wrote; while others, through the exertion of their own personal influence, and aided by the co-operations of active and intriguing booksellers, with difficulty attain a second or third edition, this acute observer of the million compiled a book that, within nine years, sold nearly thirty thousand copies. In music he was a proficient; and several of his songs and duets in the opera of *Ivanhoe* honourably evidence the extent of his talents as a composer. His acquirements in astronomy were considerable, and his book on tele-

scopes proves him to have been a master in the science of optics. His great charm in society was his originality; and this he had the art of imparting to his works. As a boon companion and *bon vivant*, he was rarely to be excelled; in fact, whether as an author or as a philanthropist, whether as a man of science or as a man of the world, few social losses will be longer or more sincerely felt than the death of Dr. Kitchiner.—*M. Chron.*

Mr. Cumberland has just reprinted *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard the Third*, *Othello*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Hamlet*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, with original remarks and criticisms.

There are said to be no less than 3424 known languages in use in the world; of which 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1624 American languages and dialects!—*M. Herald.*

A general meeting of the proprietors of the London University was held on Wednesday, at which Lord Auckland presided. His lordship stated, that the affairs of the institution were progressively prosperous, and that the building would have been in a more forward state, had not the severe weather prevented its progress. It also appeared, that Mr. Brougham's attendance is considered so requisite at the ceremony of laying the first stone, that the celebration will not take place for five or six weeks, but the foundation and other essential work will be carried on in the interim.

A new literary periodical, in Italian, is announced, under the auspices of English ladies, which will treat of the drama, fashions, &c.

The Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg has added to the number of its foreign honorary members, the illustrious Goëthe and Professor Niebuhr, in Germany; Captain Parry and Sir Humphrey Davy, in England; and, in France, M. M. Poisson, Charles Dupin, Thénard, Abel Reinsat, and M. Champollion, jun.

The first number of a work, to be entitled 'The Quarterly Juvenile Review,' will appear this month.

'Tobacco water is found by horticulturists to be a sure remedy against insects, and the plant in every shape destructive of animal life: upon what principle, then, we would ask, can its use be otherwise than injurious to the human species?'—This shallow question of *The Morning Herald* is, perhaps, best answered by another—Why are not the stomachs of insects of the same construction as those of human beings?

The whole of the works of Mr. Cooper, the author of the *Spy*, &c, have been translated into French by A. J. B. Defauconpret. Mr. Cooper is at present at Paris, where he is said to be superintending the translation of a new production from his pen.

M. de Férussac, editor of *The Bulletin Universel des Sciences*, has just concluded the compilation of a work which will give a complete statement of all the journals of the civilized world, from the origin of printing to the year 1826 inclusive; together with a statement of all the learned and literary societies established in different parts of the globe.

Mr. Jony, of the Academie Française, has just published a novel, which is entitled *Cecile, or the Passions*.

There has lately been discovered, in the environs of Besançon, a new mineral, which has been tried to be used for painting. It is of a nut-brown colour, unchangeable by all the chemical and physical processes that have any effect upon paint, and it still retains the same colour, if ground into water, paste, gum, varnish, or oil. Mixed with plumbago or silver white, this colour gives the real transitions from light to shade of the carnation, it is called Burgamot brown.

A new translation of Anacreon has just been given to the world, by M. Veissier Descombe. The critics state it to be very faithful and very poetical.

French Theatrical Reports.—There are at present 91 French dramatic corps, 13 of which are in Paris, (including that of the Theatre des Nouveautés;) 62 in the different parts of France; 9 in the Netherlands, not including the theatres of la Haye, Amsterdam, Anvers, Brussels, Tournay, Ghent, and Liège; 1 at St. Petersburg, where nothing is now performed but vaudevilles; 1 at Vienna, for vaudevilles and comedies, in the comic-opera style; 1 in London, (at the Tottenham Street Theatre; 1 at New Orleans; 1 at Rio Janeiro, which is exclusively devoted to ballets; 1 at Berlin; and 1 at Geneva. These corps are composed of 2022 individuals, who may be thus classed:—1876 actors and actresses; 131 dancers; 680 chorus-singers; and 307 assistants. This calculation does not comprise the managers, registrars, musicians, assistant-clerks, scholars, &c., amounting to nearly 2000 more individuals. In the course of 1826, there were represented at the different theatres in Paris, 182 new pieces. Among these, we reckon 21 operas, of which 3 were Italian, and 10 were translations; 7 tragedies; 28 comedies and dramas; 99 vaudevilles, or farces; 22 melo-dramas; and 5 ballets. Upwards of 120 authors had the honour of a representation; the most successful were Messrs. Teulon and Scribe, each of whom claims a share in thirteen or fourteen of these works. In the French necrological list of 1826, we find, among the dramatic writers, Lantier, author of the *Voyage d'Antenor*, and of the comedies, entitled *Le Flatteur*, and *L'Impatient*; Bancourt de Saint-Just, to whom the public are indebted for the pretty operas of *Jean de Paris* and *Le Calife de Bagdad*, the music of which was furnished by the author's friend, Boyeldieu; and Lemoutey, of the French Academy. Among the actors are Talma, and Michot, who has been called the Theatrical La Fontaine.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—The Zurana, or a Nabab's Leisure, three vols. 4s.—Calisthenic Exercises, 6s.—England's Historical Diary, 6s. 6d.—Hamilton's Gymnastic Exercises, 5s. 6d.—The Living and the Dead, 10s. 6d.—Tales of Welsh Society, two vols. 18s.—Hood's National Tales, two vols. 21s. 1s.—Colonel Hall's Colombia, Second Edition, 7s.—The Gold-headed Cane, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Feb. 23	25	39	32	30 03		Fair.
.... 24	29	39	29	29 95		Fair.
.... 25	34	41	33	30 12		Fair.
.... 26	35	43	45	29 80		Cloudy.
.... 27	49	51	42	.. 50		Cloudy.
.... 28	36	45	47	.. 55		Rain.
Mar. 1	49	54	44	.. 40		Showery.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

To V.; no letter has lately come to hand. Communications received late in the week cannot always meet with immediate notice. T. T. must favour us with a sight of the whole article, before we can decide. I. S. requires much, and offers little. We are frequently annoyed by similar propositions.

This day is published, in royal 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

The Third Edition, with Observations on

THE REPLY of a LETTER to JAMES HUMPHREYS, Esq. on his Proposal to Repeal the Laws of Real Property and Substitute a New Code.

By EDWARD BURTENSHAW SUGDEN, Esq. London: printed for J. and W. T. Clarke, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn; and John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This day is published, in one vol. 12mo. price 6s.

STORIES of CHIVALRY and ROMANCE.

'Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies' love and drouerie,
Anon I wol you tell.'—Chaucer.

London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

In a closely printed volume, 18mo. 7s. 6d. boards,

THE CABINET LAWYER; or, a Popular Digest of the Laws of England; with a Dictionary of Law Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities; correct Tables of Taxes and Duties, Post Office Regulations, Rates of Portage, Turnpike Laws, Corn Laws, Prison Regulations, &c. &c.

In this Edition the Statutes and the Decisions of the Courts of Law have been brought down to the end of Hilary Term in the present year, so as to exhibit a condensed and popular view of the Civil, Criminal, and Constitutional Law of England, as now administered.

London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

This day is published, price 2s.

THE INSPECTOR FOR MARCH.

Parliamentary Sketches, No. III.—THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL; Mademoiselle Sonntag; Colonel Hill's Gig; Signology, with Illustrations; The Warrior's Grave, by Zarach; THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GERMANY—The Daily Publications; Second Dialogue between an Abolitionist and a West Indian; Hebrew Sayings; The Patient Hillel; The Abbe Mezzofanti; Anticipation, or Birds in a Bush; A Letter—A Wife; Sonnet; THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE; THE DIARY OF AN M. P. for February: A Conversation between ADAM SMITH and Mr. RICARDO on the CORN LAWS; PORTFOLIO—Early Genius; Cardinal de Retz; Mr. Sheridan.—REVIEWS: The Gondola; Vagaries; Butler's Reminiscences; Buckingham's and Keppel's Travels, &c. &c.—Gaieties and Gravities of the Month; containing Diary of an M. P.; Population of the Jews, &c. &c.

London: Edinham Wilson, 88, Royal Exchange; Sold also by W. Morgan, Old Bond Street; T. Clerc Smith, St. James's Street; C. Tilt, St. Bride's Passage, Fleet Street; B. Stuart, Cheapside; Smith, Bath; Barry and Son, Bristol; J. Anderson, jun., North Bridge Street, Edinburgh; J. Murray, Argyle Street, Glasgow; Westley and Tyrrell, Sackville Street, Dublin; and by all Booksellers.

CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEA-

TRE. Published this day, price 6d. —No. 103, The Midnight Hour, a Farce, by Mrs. Inchbald.—No. 102, The Revenge, a Tragedy, by Dr. Young.—No. 101, The Castle Spectre.—No. 100, Deaf and Dumb.—No. 98, The Wheel of Fortune.—No. 97, Animal Magnetism.—No. 96, The Spoiled Child.—No. 95, The School for Scandal.—No. 94, The Village Lawyer.—No. 93, The Stranger.—No. 92, Disagreeable Surprise.—No. 90, Doctor Bolus.—Shortly will be published, No. 99, The Critic, with a Portrait of Mr. Jones.

Published for John Cumberland, 19, Ludgate Hill, London.

This day is published, in foolscap 8vo. price 2s. 6d. with an Engraving by William Humphreys, after a design by John Wood, Part I. of

ILLUSTRATIONS of the PASSION of LOVE: being a Collection of Historical and Miscellaneous Anecdotes, brief Memoirs, and curious Traditions, illustrative of the Attachment between the Sexes in all Ages and Countries.

'Omnia vincit Amor.'—OVID.
'Le désir général de plaire produit la Galanterie, qui n'est point l'Amour, mais le délicat, mais le léger, mais le perpétuel mensonge de l'Amour.'—MONTESQUIEU.

The object of this compilation is to illustrate, by authentic facts, anecdotes, and biographical sketches, the strength and effects of that passion, in its various shapes and disguises, which may be deemed universal under the general name of Love. In order to prevent any misconception of the nature of the work, it is proper to state, that, while no affected severity will be assumed, every requisite attention will be paid to morals and decorum.

London: Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden; Edinburgh: John Sutherland, Calton Street; Glasgow: R. Griffin and Co., Hutcheson Street.

LONDON MAGAZINE, No. XXVII. FOR MARCH.

CONTENTS: I. A Cockney's Journey to Ireland.—II. Cranbourn Chase.—III. Parochial and Topographical Queries.—IV. Curious Religious Controversy between the Chief Chaplain of the Grand Seigneur and Parriotti Nicussio, Interpreter to the Grand Vizier Kioprud in the Year 1662.—V. Calamities of London.—VI. Troubadour Poems from Original MSS.—VII. Self Introduction.—VIII. The Gondola.—IX. James's Naval History.—X. King's Australia.—XI. Trickleborough Hall.—XII. Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Red River.—XIII. Diary for the Month of February.—XIV. Dr. Lingard and the Edinburgh Review.—XV. Royal Institution.—XVI. Zoological Society.—XVII. Magaziniana. Prices of Shares, &c. Literary Intelligence. Works Published. Prices of Funds, &c.

London: Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Williams, Bath; and Gramam, Dublin.

THE LATE BISHOP HEBER, OF CALCUTTA.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1827, Price 1s. Edited by Samuel Drew, A.M. contains a correct and striking Likeness of Bishop HEBER, from a Painting by T. Phillips, Esq. with numerous Articles of a Religious, Moral, and Scientific Character.

The Fourth Edition is now ready of the January Imperial Magazine, containing a correct Likeness of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, A.M.; and a View of the Great Volcano of Hawaii, (Owhyhee of Captain Cook,) described in the Tour through that interesting Island, by Mr. Ellis.

Third Edition (with a beautiful and superb Likeness of the late DUKE of YORK,) is just published of the Imperial Magazine for February.

The Third Edition of the Rev. William Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, (or Owhyhee,) with an Account of the Geology, Natural Scenery, Productions, Volcanoes,—Superstition, Tradition, Manners, and Customs,—of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, will be ready on the 31st of March.

Part I. II. III. price 2s. each, of the Life and Times of his late Royal Highness FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK, by John Watkins, LL.D. To be completed in One Octavo Volume, embellished with numerous Portraits and other Engravings. Ten thousand Subscribers are taking in this popular and interesting Work.

Published at 38, Newgate Street; Sold by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; and all other Booksellers.

This Paper is published early on Saturday, price 8d.; or 1s. post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London: published by G. Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; by all Booksellers and Newsvenders; and at Paris, by M. Maiber & Co., Libraires, Passage Dauphine.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.